

FEBRUARY

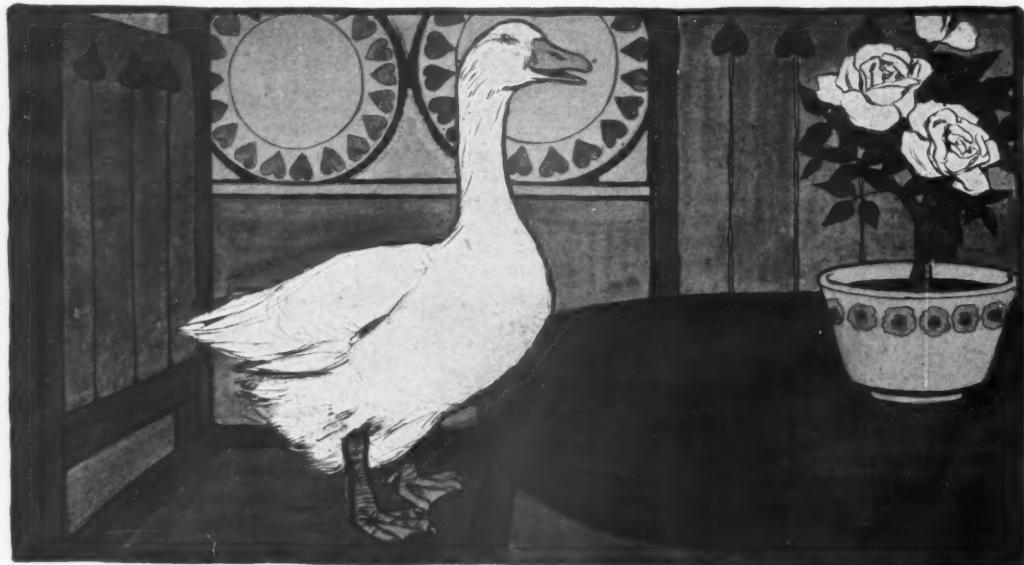
15 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Publishers



*Goosey Gander on a chair
Patiently awaits his fare.*

I never knew another goose
Who went out muffin buying,
Or who had manners so polite
Without the least bit trying.

He takes his muffin, says, "Honk, honk,"
Which means, "I thank you truly,"
Then standing high upon a chair
Proceeds to eat it coolly.

Each day he brings a copper coin,
A present from the lady
Who owns him, and whose lovely name
Is Mercedes O'Grady.

A page from

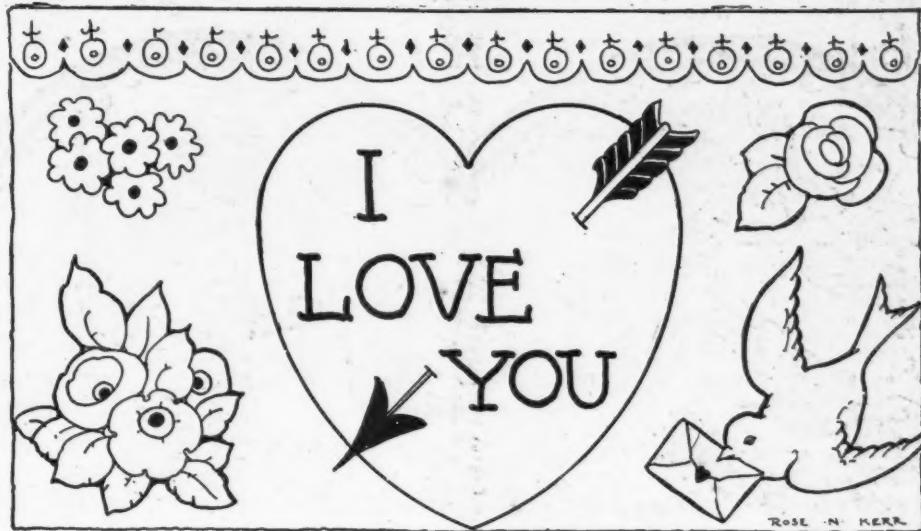
THE MUFFIN SHOP

Verse by LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

Profusely illustrated in black and white and in color by HOPE DUNLAP

Published by RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

This book is for sale at all bookshops. If unable to obtain it locally, send \$1.25 plus 7 cents postage



Making Valentines with "CRAYOLA"

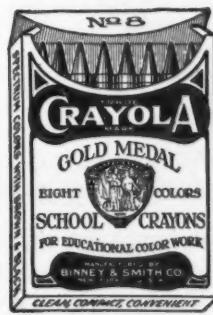
OF COURSE, children, you are going to send Valentines you have made yourselves. The picture will help you to make pretty ones with paper, scissors and "CRAYOLA" Crayons.

Cut a Valentine heart out of thick paper and color it evenly with "CRAYOLA." Make two little slits in it, and run an arrow through them. Or paste little colored flowers in the picture. Then print "I LOVE YOU" or "BE MY VALENTINE" in the middle of the heart.

Trim a square Valentine with strips of paper lace like the strip at the top of the picture. Decorate the lace with colored flowers. Paste flowers or birds in the centre. Then add your message.

You can make ever so many other kinds. Try and see!

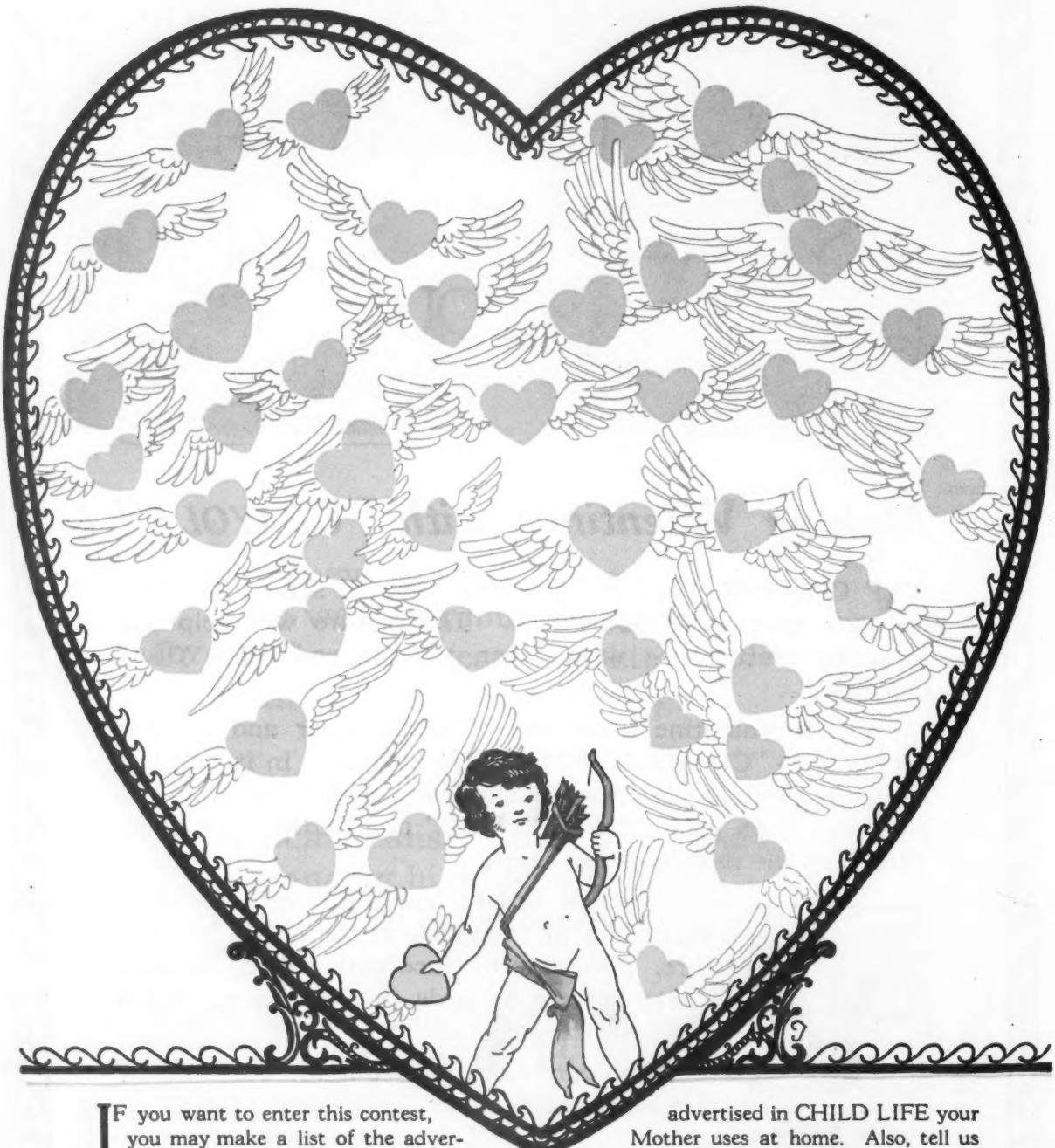
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BOYS! GIRLS!

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If you want to enter this contest, you may make a list of the advertisers, alphabetically, (from A to Z according to the names of their companies. Tell the size of each advertisement and the number of the page on which you find it. Then write a letter telling what products

advertised in CHILD LIFE your Mother uses at home. Also, tell us your age. Every child entering this contest will receive a CHILD LIFE Valentine. Answers must be in by February 25, 1926. The 25 children who write the best letters will receive a Valentine Surprise Package.

ADDRESS

CHILD LIFE
VALENTINE CONTEST

536 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.



CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume V

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ESTABLISHED 1921.—Entered as second-class matter December 28, 1921, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. ROSE WALDO, Editor; MAJORIE BARROWS, Associate Editor; E. EVALYN GRUMBINE, Advertising Manager; ESTHER MEHRIMAN AMES, Special Advertising Counselor.			
TERMS: To the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba, and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$5.00 for two years; single copies 35 cents. Other foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.			
Change of address should be received not later than the first of the preceding month and should give the old as well as the new address. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations.			
H. B. CLOW - - - - - President			
F. L. MCNALLY - Vice-President			
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY 536 S. Clark Street CHICAGO			
ANDREW MCNALLY - - - Secretary			
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270 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK



559 Mission Street
SAN FRANCISCO

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"A different child altogether"

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UNDERWEIGHT CHILDREN
built up to normal—pale cheeks filled out and glowing with color—listlessness banished—school work improved—these are some of the stories that come to us from grateful mothers who have tried the Eagle Brand health program for their children.

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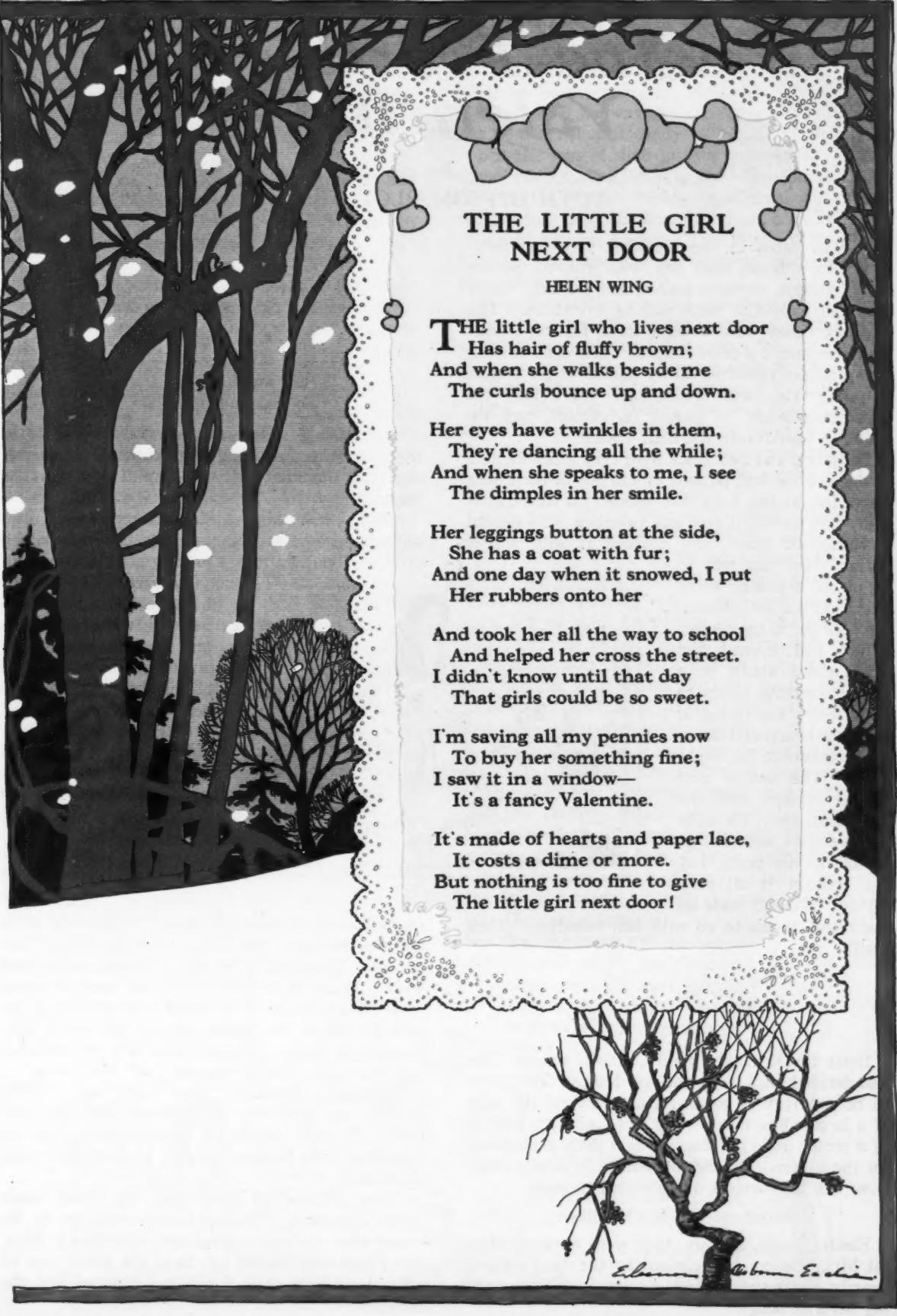
*My Valentine
To Boys and Girls*

And now that telling time has come
When love just won't be still,
But sends its fonder secret out
In dainty lace and gill,
I have a secret to confide,
Perhaps you've guessed before
That I am much in love with ya.
Each day I love you more.
I really think you would delight
In claiming all my heart
Because you come so joyfully
And take the biggest part.

*Yours ever
Rose Maldo*







THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR

HELEN WING

THE little girl who lives next door
Has hair of fluffy brown;
And when she walks beside me
The curls bounce up and down.

Her eyes have twinkles in them,
They're dancing all the while;
And when she speaks to me, I see
The dimples in her smile.

Her leggings button at the side,
She has a coat with fur;
And one day when it snowed, I put
Her rubbers onto her

And took her all the way to school
And helped her cross the street.
I didn't know until that day
That girls could be so sweet.

I'm saving all my pennies now
To buy her something fine;
I saw it in a window—
It's a fancy Valentine.

It's made of hearts and paper lace,
It costs a dime or more.
But nothing is too fine to give
The little girl next door!





The Prettiest Valentine

By
RUTH GIPSON PLOWHEAD



THE table in the breakfast room at Betty Sue's house was gay with colored papers, ribbons, pictures, paints, and crayons. Betty Sue and Sally Lou were making valentines. This afternoon they were working hard, for the teacher had announced a prize contest. The child making the prettiest valentine all by herself would receive a prize. This was Wednesday. On Friday the valentines would be placed on exhibit, and the children would vote for their choice.

Sally Lou and Betty Sue were very much excited. A dozen ideas had popped in and out of each little head, but at last both had decided on their plans. Sally Lou wanted a very gay valentine. So she cut a cardboard heart, and covered it with scarlet satin. Over this was to be placed a smaller white heart, with a little swinging door cut in the center. When you opened the door, there would be a Cupid throwing kisses to you. Sally was trying to paint red hearts and transfer Cupids onto her white heart. The hearts were rather crooked, and the Cupids all awry, for Sally Lou's fingers were not as nimble as her brain, but she thought it all very lovely. She had made up the nicest verses to go with her valentine. They read:

Cupids One,
Cupids Two,
Cupids Three,
Send love to you.

Betty Sue loved the dainty, artistic things. She had decided on a forget-me-not design. There was to be a wreath of forget-me-nots around the edge of a large white heart. She had found the picture of a pretty little girl dancing in a fluffy blue dress, for the center. On the top was to be a blue satin bow. In blue letters she intended to print:

Forget-me-not, My Valentine

Easily, busily, happily, they were working while fat Mrs. Hutton, who cleaned by the day, trudged heavily about the kitchen, singing in a loud voice her favorite song:

"Go tell Aunt Rhoda,
Go tell Aunt Rhoda,
Go tell Aunt Rhoda
Her old grey goose is dead."

He's worth saving,
He's worth saving,
He's worth saving
To make a feather bed."

"Goodness," whispered Sally Lou, "hasn't she the loudest voice? And does she ever, ever sing anything but that? Every time I am here she sings that."

"Well, I don't know. She yells pretty loud. But she's happy. I'm going to ask her if Grace is making a valentine."

Grace was Mrs. Hutton's little daughter. She was in the girls' room at school, and was the best speller and the neatest writer of all the class. She learned her lessons well and had little to say.

"Mrs. Hutton," asked Betty Sue, when that lady paused for breath in her singing, "is Grace making a valentine for the contest? She draws so nicely."

"O, I dunno," replied the mother. "I never pay

any attention to what she does. I have my work and she has hers. She doesn't like Valentine's day nohow. There ain't no money to buy valentines with, and no funny things like you have to make 'em. It's no fun to sit in school and see some of the girls get 'em by the dozen and only get one or two. Those that gives, gets. Besides, it's her birthday and she wants a party and she can't have none."

"O, that's dreadful," said Sally Lou. "Mrs. Hutton, we have lots more things than we need here. If Grace comes by to-night before you go home, we want to give her part of them and some patterns."

"Yes," chimed in Betty Sue, "she could make lovely valentines. Teacher always sends her to the board when she wants the nicest work done. Why, last Christmas she let her have the whole box of colored chalk to draw Santa and the tree and the presents."



"Did she now?" fat Mrs. Hutton's face was rosy with pride in spite of the fact that she 'never paid on attention nohow.' "That would be real nice of you girls to help her."

Such a generous pile as the little girls made for Grace! Pretty papers, silver and gold stars, lace paper from candy boxes and different colored ribbons.

"I have an extra box of paints I can give her and a brush," said Betty Sue.

"And I'll run home and get her some crayons and some more pictures," added Sally Lou. "Isn't this fun?"

The pile was just neatly packed in a box, when Grace, as she often did, came by for her mother. She said very little about her gift, but her eyes spoke many things, and as she was leaving she said, "I'll make you girls the very prettiest."

The next morning the chums went to school early and had a long talk with the teacher. Friday morning when Mrs. Hutton came to clean, Betty Sue said: "Please, please, Mrs. Hutton, won't you let Grace wear her best dress to school? The red one she wears to Sunday school? We are all dressing up, and we want her to for a special reason."

Mrs. Hutton was in one of her crossest moods, but she finally agreed with a grunt, and the girls ran singing to school.

Such an excited room of children as there was, when all the lovely valentines were placed in a long row for the voting!

"O, O, O, how can we ever choose among so many beauties?" sighed the children.

But there was really little doubt as to which valentine would get the prize. It was a heart-shaped book. The front page was blue and silver, decorated with flying bluebirds. The next page was pale pink, and on it was drawn and painted such a pretty wild rose.

"The Rose is Red," it said.

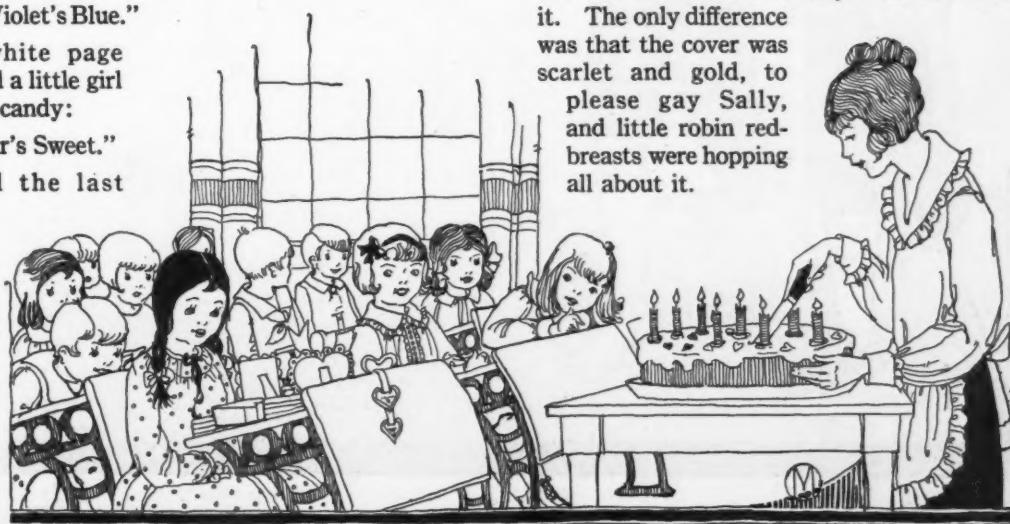
On a lavender page was a spray of violets and underneath:

"The Violet's Blue."

A white page showed a little girl eating candy:

"Sugar's Sweet."

And the last



page had little red hearts scattered about and ended:

"So is Sally Lou
And Betty Sue."

My! I wish you might have seen Grace's face light up when she was given the prize—a valentine box of heart-shaped candy.

But the joys of that day were not over. When school opened after recess in the afternoon, and the children sat eagerly waiting for the valentine box, the teacher said, "Children, we have a really truly valentine with us to-day. This is Grace Hutton's birthday, and she shall be postman, and pass out the valentines."

How the children clapped and clapped! And do you know, every child in the room had given Grace a valentine, and some had given her two. Her desk was overflowing. Do you suppose some bluebirds had whispered the secret about the birthday?

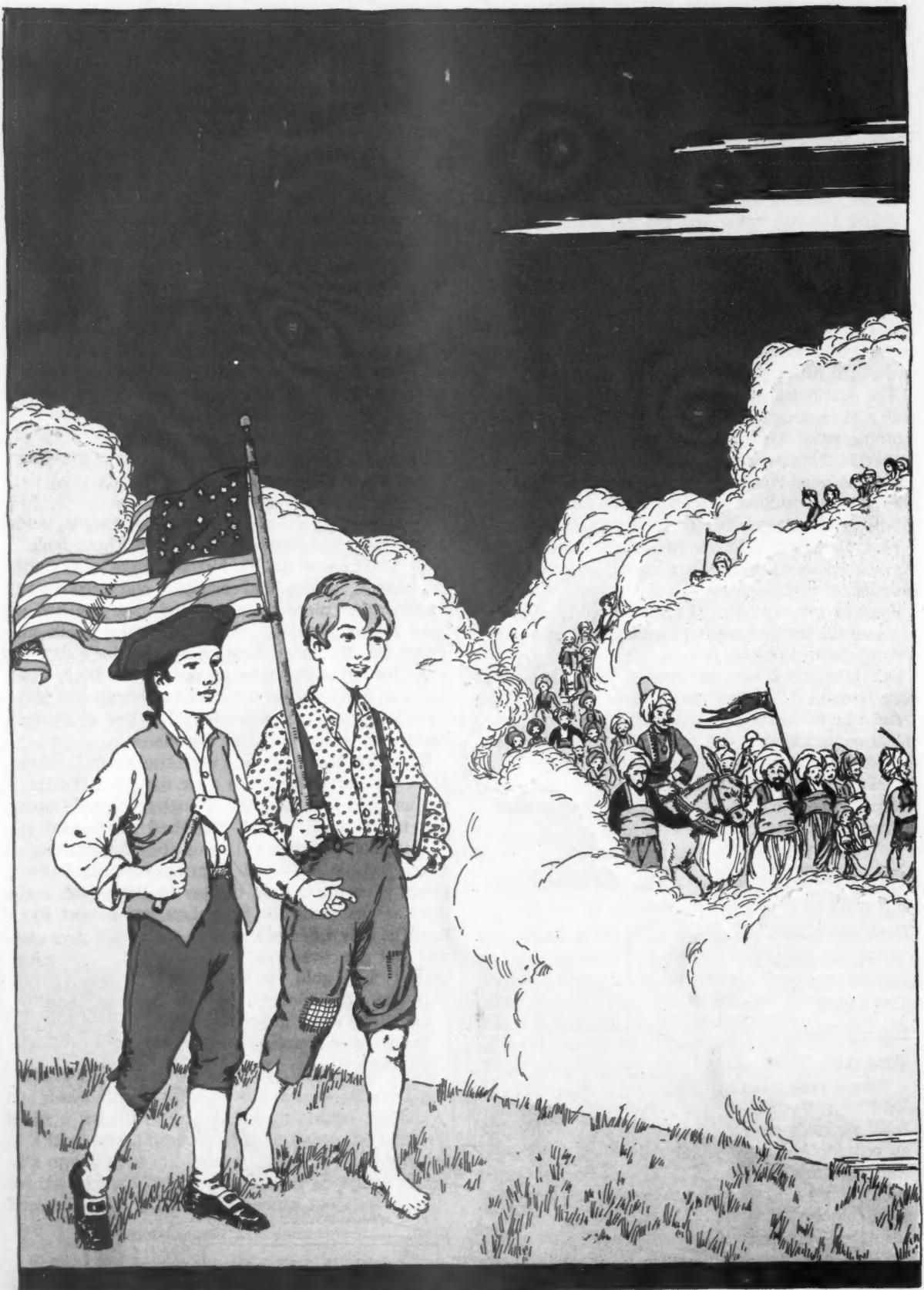
Well, after the valentine box was over, Teacher said, "We shall now have the biggest valentine of all. Each of you close your eyes, and put your head on your desk. Don't dare to peek even the least bit until I say you may."

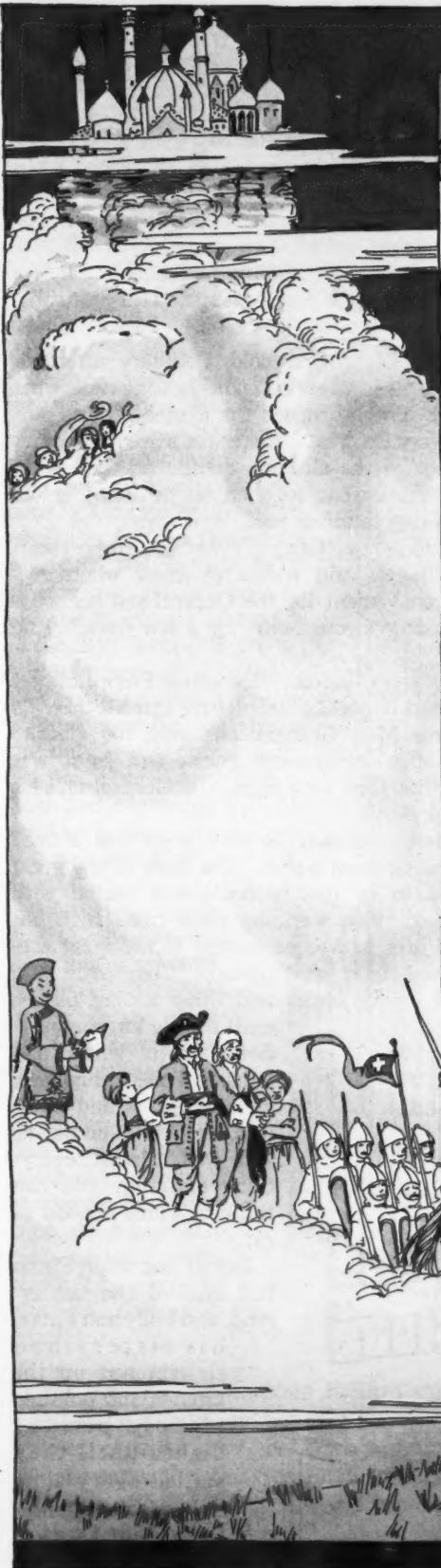
And they heard Teacher bustling about, and pretty soon she counted, "One, two, three, look."

My! There was a big birthday cake with eight red candles burning, and each child had a red candy heart on her piece of cake. And each one had a cone full of pink ice cream, too. The pupils all voted this the nicest kind of a Valentine's day.

As for Grace, can you think how she felt? She had had her long wanted birthday party, and had more valentines than anybody. But best of all, she had been able to give to her friends.

Sally Lou and Betty Sue were also happy. They felt they had had a much nicer day than if either of them had won the prize, though they really each had two rewards. First, they had the reward of having made a little girl completely happy; and, second, they each had a prize valentine. For Grace gave the one on display to Betty Sue, and the one she made for Sally Lou was almost like it. The only difference was that the cover was scarlet and gold, to please gay Sally, and little robin red-breasts were hopping all about it.





REAL PALS

RUBY SHORT McKIM

I READ in history and tales
'Bout boys from every land,
Who slaughtered dragons and such things,
All with a naked hand!

And boys that wished on carpets,
Or lamps or magic rings,
For pale, blonde, curly princesses
And all such silly things.

But there's two boys I read about—
They're best of all, I'm thinkin'—
Their names were Georgie Washington
And little Abie Lincoln!

If I could choose two playmates,
'Sides Jimmy Flynn and Babe,
They sure as shootin' stars would be
George Washington and Abe!

I bet that I'd have known enough
To save one pal a lickin',
For trying out his new hatch-ax,
Where Dad would sure be kickin'.

And I'd have loaned my other friend
The books he longed for so,
He could have read and been as smart
As I am now, you know.

They inter'st me especial, too,
For what they did, you see,
Bein' the kind of president,
That I am goin' to be!

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THE SLAW BED

If you had happened to drive along the old post road which leads from New York to Boston a hundred and forty-nine years ago, this very month, I'm sure you would have noticed the old Graham homestead and wished that some one would invite you to go inside.

Of course, it was a simple old place which had been built long before architects had learned to trim houses with frills and furbelows. But its old brick walls were almost as warm a brown as Grandmother's gingerbread and when the snows had iced over the roof, and trimmed the doors and windows with icicles as long as candy canes, and sprinkled with frost sugar the evergreens which grew around it, almost anyone would say that it looked good enough to eat.

But better than all this was the welcome which peeped through the windows filled with red geraniums, and smiled from the shining door knob and old brass knocker, and waited on the door step for rich and poor.

In fact, anyone who looked twice at the friendly old Graham homestead would know that it loved to fill itself with guests day and night. For, when the guest rooms with their four posters, dressed up in ruffled canopies and valances were all in use, there was always Grandfather Graham's old slaw bed folded away under the kitchen window, ready for unexpected guests.

And perhaps that was the reason that when one of General Washington's soldiers was looking for a house in which the General might make his headquarters for a few days, he chose this very same old house and refused to look farther. Whether for that reason or not, this is what happened there many years ago.

By JANET P. SHAW

One cold February afternoon at early candle-lighting time, when the setting sun had turned the frosted roof as pink as strawberry ice cream, there was a great knocking at the door of the Graham homestead, and when Philip Graham went to open it, he found a tall soldier waiting to salute him.

"His Excellency, General Washington, presents his compliments and wishes to know whether it would be convenient for the General and his body-guard to occupy your home for a few days," said the man.

"Why, y-yes, indeed," answered Philip, almost too surprised to speak, "but let me call Mother."

Of course Mrs. Graham was only too glad to entertain such an honored guest, and so it was arranged that that very night, the General and his men would arrive.

After that, you may be sure there was a busy time in the Graham home. The beds in the guest rooms had to be freshly made and heated with long handled brass warming pans, filled with hot coals, and fires had to be started in the great fireplaces. And food was brought from attic and cellar and smoke house and other hiding places, until the big kitchen overflowed with jellies and jams, and pickles and pies, and pumpkins and potatoes, and hams and roasts, and well, almost everything else that you can think of which is good to eat.

But at last when Philip had finished the last errand, and Polly and Patsy, his sisters, had straightened up the kitchen and polished the old pewter dishes until they smiled every time they caught the fire-light, and Mother Graham's supper was bubbling and crackling and filling the



house with fragrant odors, the family sat down around the fireplace to wait for their guests.

"I wonder whether we'll know General Washington when he *does* come," said Polly, glancing at the queer-looking portrait of the General on the pitcher which their father had sent from Boston.

"Of course we will," boasted Philip. "He's a big man, six feet, two inches tall, and he can throw a stone no larger than a silver dollar clear across the Rappahannock River, and Father says no one else has been able to do that."

"I think I'll be afraid of such a big, strong man," said five-year-old Patsy with a sigh.

"He is very fond of young people, Patsy, dear," said Mrs. Graham. "You know he loves his step children dearly. And your father says that once when the Americans were besieging the British in Boston and no one was allowed to pass in or out of the city, General Washington heard of a little sick girl who lived in the country near-by, and he not only sent a doctor to see her, but he provided food and necessities for her until she was well and strong again."

Just then there was a knock at the door and a voice in the darkness called, "Open, in the name of His Excellency, George Washington!" And when Philip threw open the door, there stood a handsome, blue-eyed gentleman in a long cape and a blue and buff uniform, who couldn't be anybody else *but* the great general.

"Is this the home of my brave friend, Captain Philip Graham?" he asked as he entered, smiling in a kindly manner.

"Yes, indeed," answered Philip, proud of the compliment which the General had paid his father, "and I am Philip, Junior. Won't you come in and meet my mother and sisters?"

"Your honored servant," said General Washington as he shook hands cordially with Mrs. Graham. "And how are the Mistresses Polly and Patsy?

I've heard about you all from the Captain," he added with a smile.

And after supper, when the other soldiers had gone to their rooms, the General sat down beside the fire to make friends with the family in the coziest manner possible. First, he told Mrs. Graham about the progress of the war, of her husband's welfare. Then he praised Polly's knitting which he said was almost as beautiful as that of Mistress Washington. And he told her how his wife never

went to make a call without carrying her knitting in a reticule at her side and in that way she had been able to make almost a hundred pairs of stockings for the needy soldiers, he thought.

And when he saw little Patsy's head beginning to nod, he took her up on his lap and taught her a new nursery rhyme which she liked so well that she sang it to her doll until she fell fast asleep. And this is exactly the way General Washington said the rhyme:

"There was an old, old man and an old, old woman
And they lived in a vinegar bottle together.
Sheltered alike from the wind and from weather,
They lived in a vinegar bottle together."

Then when he was saying good night, he added courteously, "I hope we are not crowding your family too much by our unexpected arrival."

"Not at all," answered Mrs. Graham. "Philip is the only one who is inconvenienced and he is only too glad of an excuse to sleep on his grandfather's old slaw bed in the kitchen."

"A slaw bed?" said the General. "And pray, where may that be?"

"Right behind you," laughed Philip, who had come back into the room after seeing the soldiers to their rooms.

And sure enough, under the window, behind the General was a curious kind of a folding bed made of an ox hide stretched on a wooden frame, fastened to the wall by leather hinges and provided with two wooden legs to support it on the other side.



"My grandfather used to lie on that bed and watch for Indians through holes he had made in the wooden shutters, when the country was almost a wilderness," explained Philip as he showed General Washington how the bed could be used.

"It's a good old warrior bed," answered the General. "Perhaps the two of you will be willing to help me look after the officers who may come at night to see me. The sentry will of course be on guard outside but I need some one to let my men into the house and perhaps provide food and other comforts when they have come a long distance."

Philip was so happy to be trusted in this manner that he forgot to answer for a few minutes and so his mother answered for him. "Philip will be only too glad and proud to be of service, Your Excellency," she said.

The following week was a happy one for Philip. Almost every night one or more tired soldiers came and tapped at the window above his bed, and when they had eaten the roast meat and warm soup which Mrs. Graham always left ready, they often sat beside the fire and talked to the General until daylight. Sometimes Philip fell asleep but oftener he lay awake blinking in the firelight and listening to the sad stories which these men told to this great "father of his country," until his eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, General," he said one day, "isn't there anything which we boys can do instead of just staying at home?"

"You are helping by staying at home and caring for our homes and loved ones," answered the General. "Only be ready and your chance is sure to come sooner or later," he added kindly.

The next day a message came to General Washington, telling him that the English suspected that he was in the neighborhood and warning him to leave. And the next morning the Grahams found only a friendly letter of thanks for their

hospitality from General Washington and the empty rooms where their guests had stayed.

But, although General Washington was miles away when the English troops arrived, some of his men were not so fortunate and the next day when Philip was coming home from school, he found two American officers trying to hide in the woods near the house. At first he didn't know what to do with them. If he took them home in daylight, some one was sure to see them, but the woods were far from safe. At last he remembered a small cave which the boys he played with had dug when

they were playing Indian. It was well hidden by leaves and brush and the men would be comparatively warm and safe there. When night came, they would be able to reach the house without being seen.

The plan worked very well during the day, but Philip had forgotten that the English were almost sure to search the home of the Grahams if they had heard that General Washington had been there. Just as the men were sitting at the table enjoying

the good warm food which Mrs. Graham had prepared for them, Philip heard a noise in the yard and when he looked through the shutters of the window, he discovered that the English searching party had arrived!

"Oh, Mother, what shall we do?" he cried. "The English soldiers will be at the kitchen in a minute!"

Now it happened that the day was Monday—and wash day—and as usual, Mrs. Graham had piled the clean clothes on the old slaw bed, ready for sprinkling, when she had stopped to care for the American soldiers. So she answered Philip, "Under the slaw bed. Perhaps they won't be noticed for a few minutes."

"Not much chance of that," answered Philip. "I know—put them *on top* of the bed and pile the clean clothes *over* them! And Patsy and Polly must pretend to be eating the soldiers' supper."



No sooner said than done. And a minute later, when the English opened the door, they found a pleasant housewife quietly sprinkling a great pile of clothes and two little girls eating "man-sized" sandwiches and big bowls of soup at the table.

"We'll have to search your house, ma'am," they said, rather shamefacedly when they saw the quiet family.

"Of course," answered Mrs. Graham pleasantly. "Philip will be glad to show you around."

Of course the English soldiers could not know just how glad Philip was to get them out of that room, but they did find out very soon that he could find more closets and cubby holes in that old house than any house they had ever seen. And whenever they tried to hurry past even a small one, he was sure to call out, "Better poke your sword around among these dresses, sir. There's no knowing where those men may be hiding."

He led them a merry chase from garret to cellar, and when at last he was sure that the Americans were safely out of the house, he brought them back to the kitchen. There they were only too glad to rest in the big rockers before the warm fire and enjoy the doughnuts and fresh cider which Mrs. Graham had ready for them. An hour later they took up the hunt again, but of course by this time the Americans were miles away.

Late that night when Mrs. Graham and Philip were straightening up the kitchen, Mrs. Graham said, "Well, son, I guess General Washington was right when he said that a boy was sure to find a chance to serve his country if he only kept a brave heart and watched for his chance."

Philip was too modest and sensible a boy to want to be praised for doing his duty, but he did wish that General Washington might know that he had been ready to serve his country when the opportunity came. And one day not long after his wish came true.

One afternoon, just as Philip was carrying in a great arm-load of logs for the kitchen fire, a big, cream-colored, travelling coach with four prancing horses and a soldier riding on each side, came rumbling down the road and stopped right in front of the Graham home. And a moment later, who should step out of the coach but General Washington and a motherly little lady with bright brown eyes and snow white hair who Philip knew must be no other person than Mistress Martha Washington herself!

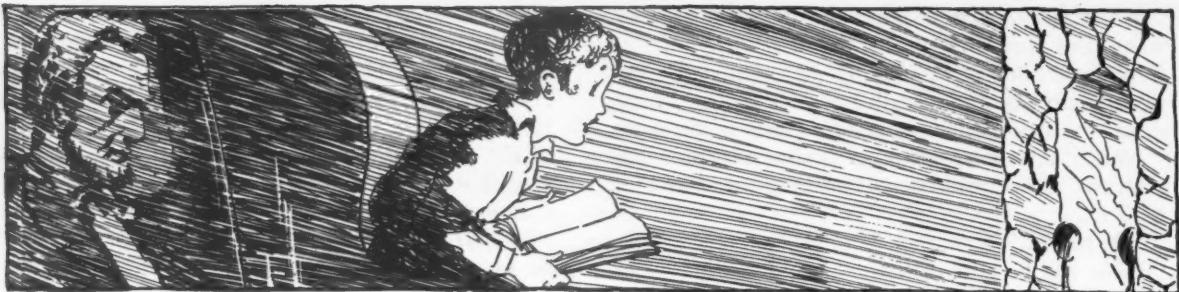
Of course Philip knew that his mother would want to entertain such honored guests in the best room in the house, and so he hurried to open the door of the parlor and invited them to enter when they came up to the house arm in arm. But to his surprise, General Washington said, "Oh can't we go back to that comfortable old kitchen of yours? Mistress Washington and I have come to thank you for saving the lives of our two soldiers and we want to see the old slaw bed that helped so much and hear you explain just how it all happened."

And, almost before Philip knew it, General Washington was helping him take down the slaw bed, and Mistress Washington was sitting beside his mother before the fire and busily knitting something grey and woolly, and both were laughing over the trick Philip had played on the Englishmen.

It was a happy afternoon. And when at last the sun was setting and the cream-colored travelling coach was ready to carry the travelers back to camp, General Washington laid his hand on Philip's shoulder and said, "Well, comrade, the next time any of my men are lost in this neighborhood, I won't worry for I'll know they will have a brave lad to depend on if they need him."

"Thank you, sir," answered Philip. "We'll at least try to keep the old slaw bed ready for them night and day," he added with a smile.





JIMMY'S FRIEND

WHEN Jimmy Post was seven years old, he and Daddy, who was all the family that Jimmy had, got on a train and rode and rode and *rode* across the continent, and then got into a motor car and bumped and jerked and *thumped* across the sage brush, to a forest ranger's log cabin, up on the edge of the Washaki National Forest. When the car had gone, Jimmy stood still in front of the cabin, staring up at the tall pines that covered the hill back of the little house, and then at the grey-green sagebrush that stretched away and away in front.

"Are we going to live here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, we are," said Daddy. "You go and explore, while I unpack our duffel."

There was a big brown horse in the log corral beside the cabin, and a friendly little roan pony (named Fidgets) in the pasture behind the corral, and two saddles, a big and a little one, hanging in a shed. (Daddy said they'd have a dog, too, as soon as he could see about it.) There was a little rushing brook running down the hill, and a spring hidden in a clump of willows. And the cabin was a beau-ti-ful cabin—just like a playhouse, with only three rooms and no upstairs at all.

Jimmy and Fidgets and the big sheep dog, Shag, soon got to understand one another perfectly and they had the happiest times together.

Just one thing Jimmy wanted. "I should like a friend," he said. "I have a dog and a pony, but they

By MARGARET WARDE
Author of the "Betty Wales" Series, the "Nancy Lee" Series,
"The Holiday Book," etc.

can't talk to me. Please get me a friend, Daddy."

"Won't I do?" asked Daddy.

Jimmy shook his head. "You are a perfickly splendid Daddy, but I want a friend too—a boy bigger than me, but not *much* bigger."

"Then," said Daddy, "we'll find one. We're going to the post office next week." (The post office was sixteen miles away across the sage.) "We'll find you a friend there and bring him back for a visit."

But when Jimmy had seen all the boys in Piney, which was the post office town, he hadn't found the friend.

"They aren't friendly boys," he told Daddy sadly. "They want to fight me, and when I let them ride Fidgets they whip him too hard. I don't want that kind of friend."

That evening Jimmy, waiting in the store for Daddy, picked up a gaily covered magazine. "A Friend of Man"—that was the title of the first article. So much Jimmy could read easily, but the article had so many long words! He took it, open at the picture of a tall boy chopping wood, to the storekeeper.

"Who is 'the friend of man?'" he asked. "Does that mean the friend of boys, too?"

The storekeeper took the magazine and investigated. "Why, that's about Abraham Lincoln," he explained. "It tells how he sure was a friend to lots of folks that needed



one—he was a friend of boys, too, I guess."

"I need a friend," said Jimmy anxiously. "Will Abraham Lincoln be my friend?"

"Why—I guess so," said the storekeeper kindly. "He—well, you ask your dad about Abraham Lincoln."

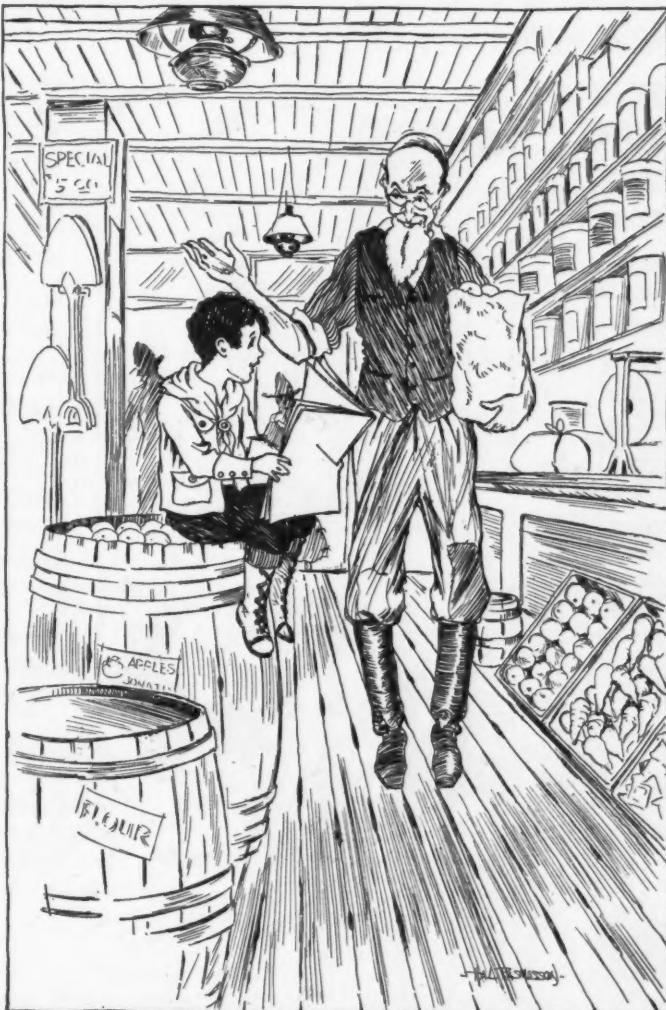
So Jimmy asked, "Daddy, what is a 'friend of man'?" Would he be my friend? Then tell me about Abraham Lincoln. Tell me about when he was a little boy. Oh, did he *really* live in a cabin like ours? Are you *sure* his own dear mother died when he was little like me? Is that all you know? Then isn't there a book that tells more—lots more—about my new friend?"

Back in the log cabin that was like Abraham Lincoln's, Daddy read the book he had sent for, over and over and over. It was a splendid book about a splendid man, and the cabin under the pines was a splendid place to read it in. All the things that the Lincolns did after their cabin was built—carrying water from the spring, chopping fire wood, fishing, gathering wild berries, hoeing in the garden—all these things had to be done in the forest reserve. Only Jimmy had never done them; he had ridden his

pony and played his games, while Daddy and Joe Miller, a queer old sheep-herder who had drifted in one day and begged to stay, did the work.

But after Jimmy had chosen Abraham Lincoln to be his friend, and they had played together a few days in the tent under the willows, and taken turns riding Fidgets, and fed the tame squirrel that scampered over the cabin roof every morning, Jimmy came to Daddy, wanting something else.

"I want some duties," he began, "and an ax of my own."



"What?" said Daddy. "What do you mean?"

"Some duties," explained Jimmy politely, "that are mine to do every day. My friend has duties. He thinks it is silly to play all the time. He had an ax when he was my age, so he could chop up the little sticks of wood. You needn't worry. He'll show me how to be careful, and wood-chopping is a great thing for making a boy strong."

Jimmy's duty that Father gave him was to carry water from the spring every morning. "I'll get

you a smaller pail," he promised, "and if you don't like your duty—"

I shall do it just the same," cut in Jimmy resolutely. "My friend says that's the way to amount to something. And the big pail isn't too heavy. My friend had to carry his water a mile!"

Other duties Jimmy found for himself: weeding the onions, keeping plenty of kindling always on hand, and when winter came and the horses were shut in the corral, leading them to the brook for water. When Daddy looked worried and said, "Son, you mustn't work too hard!" Jimmy laughed back, "I don't do anything! You should see all the chores my friend does. And look how tall and strong he is!"

"Jimmy," his father asked him curiously, "when you play with Abraham Lincoln, do you see him?"

"N-o," said Jimmy slowly, "I don't see him, but I know he's there."

"Does he talk to you?" persisted Daddy.

"Well, he's a very quiet boy," said Jimmy evasively. "But he's a fine friend—the best a boy ever had."

Summer sped away and winter came. In February Joe made a big birthday cake for Abraham Lincoln's birthday, and Jimmy's eyes shone with pleasure.

"He says it's the first birthday cake he ever had," he told Joe, thanking him.

In the spring a family with ten children moved to Elkhorn ranch, and the postman brought word that there would be school that summer in the Elkhorn schoolhouse.

"I think I'd better go," said Jimmy solemnly.

Daddy laughed. "Want to change schoolmasters, do you? (He had been teaching his boy.) It's three long miles to Elkhorn."

"Oh, that's not far!" protested Jimmy. "My friend went nine miles to school, and he walked. I can ride Fidgets."

The ten children were a jolly lot. Jimmy rode and fished and picnicked with them and grew brown and strong and wise in the lore of the great outdoors. And less and less often did he play with the boy Abraham Lincoln in the tent under the willows. But he still did his chores faithfully and at night he read over and over the story of the boy who had lived in a cabin and grown up to be the friend of all mankind.

The next winter was a very hard one. The snow came before the sheep got down from the forest. Early in November Daddy had to stop riding and make his weekly trips to Piney on snowshoes. That meant he had to be gone all night. Jimmy missed him. Joe had "rheumatiz in the jints" and hobbled gloomily about the cabin, leaving to Jimmy all the outdoor work, which meant "duties" many and strenuous for a nine-year-old. But Jimmy never whimpered.

And then one day Daddy slipped on the ice out in the corral and couldn't get up. Jimmy, going to call him in to dinner, found him there, and he and Joe dragged him, groaning at the pain in his leg, into the house.

"That leg's broke all right," said Joe, "and so is the telephone. I tried to git Piney this morning."

Father's face went white at that. "Try again," he said. "Try all the ranches on the line."

So Joe rang and rang, but the line was dead—a pole down, evidently, between them and the nearest house.

"Jimmy," said Father finally, "I've got to have a doctor. Can you walk to Daley's and tell them what's happened?"

"Course I can," said Jimmy proudly and reached for his snowshoes.

Old Joe, "rheumatiz" forgotten, hobbled out to help Jimmy off. "Foller the wire," he ordered.

"Foller it close, and don't try no short cuts unless you can see the poles as you go. Snow is awful deceivin'. Here's my lantern"—he tucked his precious electric torch into Jimmy's pocket—"so in case it should git dark you kin flash it at the next pole, before you leave the one you're at. And whatever you do, don't rest. Keep movin'."

The Daley cabin was the second one down the road. Jimmy sort of hoped there'd be somebody at the first one, though he knew the family with ten children had gone to Piney for the winter. They had left their door unlocked and Jimmy wanted to go in and rest, out

of the biting wind. He was tired already. Three miles on snowshoes, when you're not very used to them, is a long way. And five is unutterably longer.

But, remembering Joe's instructions, Jimmy pushed on, stumbling a little because the thong on one shoe had loosened, and he hated, with the shadows thickening so fast, to stop and fix it.

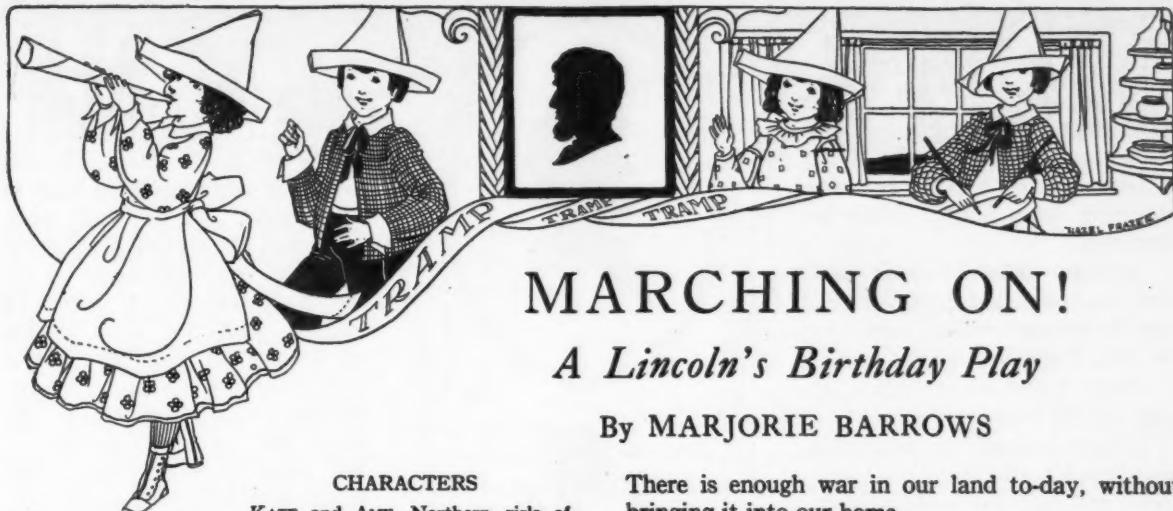
Half a mile—a mile more—Jimmy set his jaw and blinked back the tears. He could barely see the poles now, and the wind had changed and blew dead against him.

Suddenly he remembered something that he'd forgotten all this time—or rather somebody!

"I wish you'd come, too," he called out into the

(Continued on page 106)





MARCHING ON!

A Lincoln's Birthday Play

By MARJORIE BARROWS

CHARACTERS

KATE and AMY, Northern girls of Lincoln's day, wearing white aprons over dark, full-skirted dresses that are rather long.

ARTHUR and TOM, their brothers.

MISSY, a little colored girl, a slave of Aunt Azalia's. She wears a calico dress.

CHILDREN OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD

SCENE: A sitting room in a northern farmhouse on January 1, 1863. To the left is a table covered with a red cloth, on which rests an old-fashioned lamp as well as a work basket. There is a rocking chair beside it that is just as old-fashioned as the sofa and footstool to the right, and the hanging vase, mirror and shelves of curios on the wall above them. All this, though, you notice later, for first of all you look at the large engraving that hangs in the center of the back wall. It is a picture of Abraham Lincoln.

The room seems to be deserted as the curtain rises, but in the distance you hear the children stamping along, singing "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!" and soon they enter at the right. All wear paper soldier caps and KATE, the oldest, is leading, tooting through a paper horn, while TOM brings up the rear, rub-adub-dubbing on his drum. They march around the room and as they reach the last note of the chorus they all sit down abruptly.

KATE (who takes the rocking chair, pulls off her cap and picks up her knitting): There! It's all very well for us to go marching on this way and letting off steam. But there's other marching to do. 'Tis time for soldiers here at home to work.

AMY (making a face, and pulling out her knitting): O, pshaw! Mamma and Aunt Azalia have left us to-day to housekeep and have some New Year's fun. Were it not for helping our good President Lincoln and our soldier boys I'd never knit another stitch!

TOM, (kicking up his heels on the sofa): Ho! You'd rather be a fine lady, I'll warrant you, with a silken dress dragging the ground and your hair in a waterfall. Such new-fangled notions!

AMY (whirling around indignantly): Indeed! And who are you to take on such airs about girls' dress? You read all the foolish stuff about fashion in the newspapers the pedlars bring and then think 'tis fine and manly to—

KATE: There! There! Children, don't quarrel.

There is enough war in our land to-day, without bringing it into our home.

AMY: If the war were only over—and Papa back home again!

KATE: I dreamt last night President Lincoln had freed the slaves.

ARTHUR: I dreamt I was up in a flying machine and was talking to people miles away!

TOM (scoffingly): Ho! Your dreams were equally possible!

KATE: You may scoff, but Mister Lincoln is a great man. Someone calls him 'A Man for the Ages.'

AMY: If he freed the slaves Aunt 'Zalia wouldn't own little black Missy any more. Where is that little pickaninny anyway?

ARTHUR: Upstairs, probably—and into mischief, she's so quiet.

AMY: If slaves were freed Aunt 'Zalia couldn't sell Missy, as she is talking of doing. And





Missy could go back to her own Mammy down South. She's so homesick!

ARTHUR: Missy is afeard she'll fall into some slave driver's hands and be whipped—like Uncle Tom in Mrs. Stowe's new book.

AMY: I wish we could buy her and set her free!

KATE: Indeed I do, too. But we haven't the money. Come now, and help me in the kitchen with—you know! And Tom, when were you going marching on toward the wood pile?

TOM (yawning): Ho! Arthur, I'll beat you there!

[They all hurry from the room, humming "Tramp, tramp, tramp!" and again the sitting room is deserted. Then a black head pops out from beneath the sofa and out crawls MISSY, peering around and pulling after her a pan of flour. She climbs upon the sofa, tiptoeing until she can look in the mirror. Then she pulls a bit of fur from her stocking, dips it into the flour, closes her eyes and begins to smear it over her face.]

MISSY (bobbing up and down and chanting very fast):

Lef' hind rabbit foot,
Wid dis flour to-night
Make dis pickaninny
Bery, bery white!
Lef' hind rabbit foot,
Wid dis flour to-night
Make dis pickaninny
Bery, bery white!
Bery, bery white!
BERY, BERY WHITE!

[At last she opens her eyes, rubs them, looks cautiously at her face in the glass and bang—she drops the flour, covers the mess with a cushion, sinks down on the sofa and hides her face.]

MISSY (after a moment): I's still black, I is. Dat old charm ain't no good neither! Even on my birf'day. Laws a massy! Dey do say nothin' but prayin' helps. But lawsy me! I's prayed an'

prayed an' prayed an' prayed an' prayed! (She gets up slowly and walks over to the picture of Lincoln, standing with her back to the audience, her hands clasped tightly behind her): Massa Linkum, I's jus' a little black Missy, I is, but



dey says you's powerful kind to black folks. To-day's my birf'day, an' I's prayed God ebery night fo' two-three weeks to gib me a kitten an' a cake. I's prayed good an' loud so the chullens could hear, too, but it wasn't no use. Massa Linkum, He don't listen. Oh, Massa Linkum, mos' of all I's prayed fo' my Mammy down Souf'. An' if you could make the black folks free I'd be so obliged. An' God will bress you, Massa Linkum. God will bress you!

(She throws herself down on the floor and buries her face in her hands. While she stays there the four children tiptoe in, bearing a tray covered with a cloth and several knobby bundles which they place around the table. Then they tiptoe out again and return in a moment with their paper caps and drum, singing to the tune of "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!"): Happy birthday! Missy! Happy birthday! Have no fear!

For we'll drive your blues away

With these birthday gifts to-day
And we hope they'll make you happy all the year!

[Then they pull Missy up from the floor, laughingly crown her with a paper wreath, and lead the bewildered child over to the table.]

ALL (excitedly): Open them! They're yours!

MISSY (opening bundles and hopping joyfully up and down): Oh! Oh! Ooooooo! A top! An' a hoop! An' red mittens! (opens a basket): O Miss Amy—Tabby's your kitten—is you really given' her to me!

(Stops to love the kitten then pulls the cloth off the tray and squeals): My! Oh my! Ooooooo—a birf'day cake! I's gotta birf'day cake all my own sef!

TOM (smacking his lips): Let's each have a bite and then Kate'll tell you any story you want!

MISSY (cutting and distributing cake as they all gather around Kate's chair): Please, Miss Kate, tell about Massa Linkum.

KATE (her face glowing as she picks up a magazine from the table): I'll read you about him —here. (She finds her place and reads):

Many years ago in the lonely backwoods of





Kentucky, a little boy was born. He was born in a rough log cabin on February 12th, 1809, and his mother, who named him Abraham, dreamed great things for him.

MISSY: Lil Massa Linkum!

KATE (*reading*): As little Abe grew up in a lonely cabin he worked like a man. When he was seven his family moved to Indiana and the sturdy little boy helped his father make log stools and tables for their rough camp. And he planted corn and hunted game and picked wild fruits.

ARTHUR: Only seven years old!

KATE (*reading*): As he grew taller, he worked even more. For less than a year he went to the backwoods school. But he loved books, and he read them by firelight—the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," a "Life of Washington." Each night he read books—all he could lay hands upon. And the passages he liked best, he learned by heart.

AMY: He taught himself!

KATE (*reading*): Even as a boy he was always kind and patient, honest and industrious. Once when he moved with his family to Illinois he split fourteen hundred fence rails for a neighbor to pay for enough brown jeans to make a pair of trousers. Once when he was a storekeeper he walked six miles to give a woman six cents she had overpaid him. Once he stopped to care for a baby bird, blown from its nest. And once at a slave auction in New Orleans, he cried out, "Boys, if I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard!"

MISSY (*studying his picture*): He look kind!

KATE (*turning page*): Always he would help anyone in trouble. And so this tall, strong boy grew up and became a boatman, a clerk, a lawyer and at last—in 1860—Honest Old Abe the Rail-splitter

(Continued on page 106)





PUZZLE—FIND GEORGE WASHINGTON

HELEN HUDSON

WHILE Betsy Ross was fashioning
The first flag all by hand,
I wonder if her thoughts were of
The father of our land.

If you will search about this page,
I'm sure that you will find
The man to whom his country's good
Was always first in mind.





MR. SANDMAN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

By MAY ST. JOHN WOOD

MRS. SANDMAN was making cookies. She had filled seven big jars already, and was going to fill two more. The jars were so large that she had to use a little chair to reach the tops. One jar had white cookies with red sugar on top, the next one had little animal cookies, and another had brown cookies, with lots of raisins. One jar was filled with frosted creams and another with gingerbread men. And there were nut cookies and oatmeal cookies, too. Mrs. Sandman was just starting some fig cookies and intended to make a batch of molasses cookies; then she would be through. It took a long time to fill such big cookie jars.

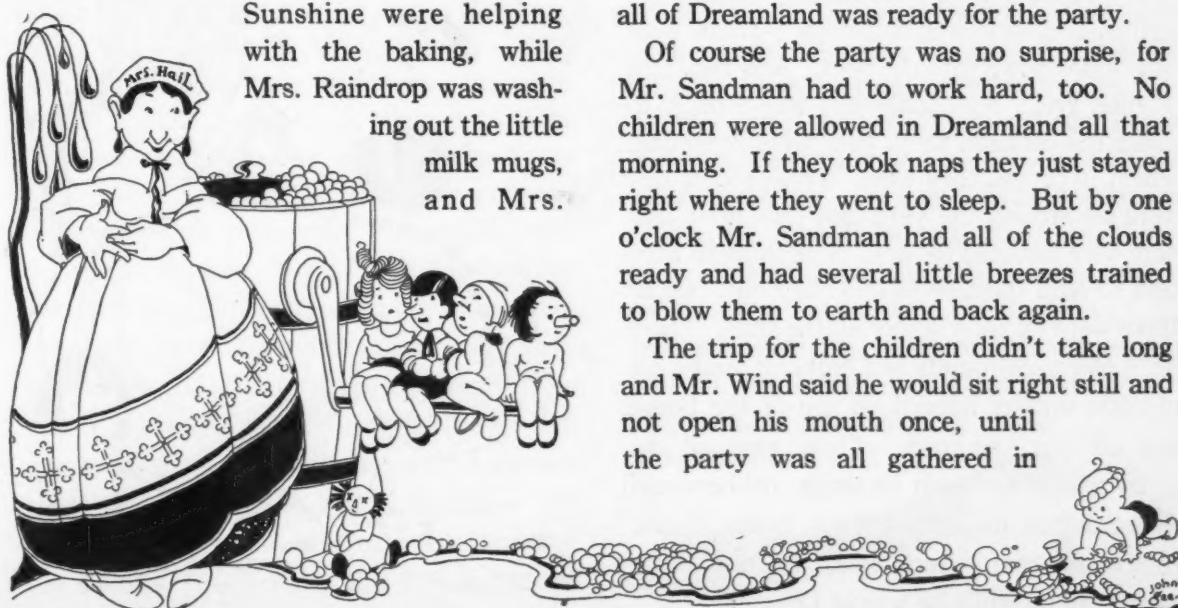
Can you guess why she was making all these goodies? I'll tell you. She was giving a birthday party for Mr. Sandman. He was five hundred years old and he didn't even have one gray hair.

Mrs. Moonbeam and Mrs. Sunshine were helping with the baking, while Mrs. Raindrop was washing out the little milk mugs, and Mrs.

Snow was cleaning the windows. All the little Starlights were helping too. They were putting up swings, dusting the clouds, and blowing everything in order. Mrs. Wind said she would help blow the yard clean and, for once, Mr. Wind said he would behave. Mr. Sandman was busy getting his clouds and Mr. Wind even offered to help him blow some around. Mr. Hail said he would pepper a few hail stones down; so they could make ice cream, and Mrs. Hail said she would freeze the cream; so all the Hail family got busy. But when it came time to turn the freezer they discovered they were not strong enough, even if they all sat on the handle. Mr. Thunder was just going by and said he guessed that was his job for he was the strongest man up there. Miss Lightning helped him for she and Mr. Thunder were good friends and were nearly always together. Jack Frost offered to decorate the house and with that done all of Dreamland was ready for the party.

Of course the party was no surprise, for Mr. Sandman had to work hard, too. No children were allowed in Dreamland all that morning. If they took naps they just stayed right where they went to sleep. But by one o'clock Mr. Sandman had all of the clouds ready and had several little breezes trained to blow them to earth and back again.

The trip for the children didn't take long and Mr. Wind said he would sit right still and not open his mouth once, until the party was all gathered in

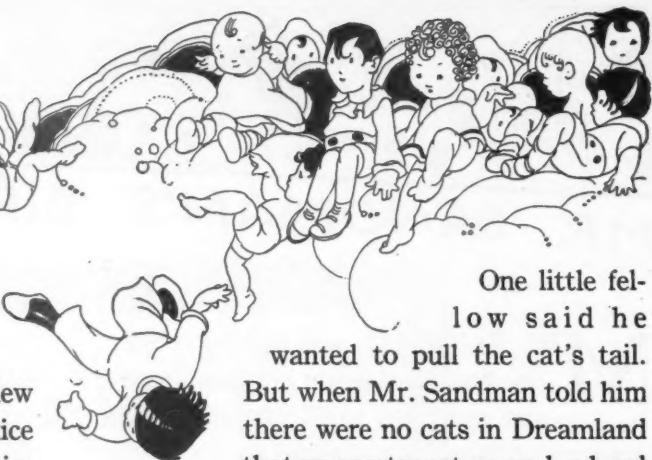




Dreamland. He sat

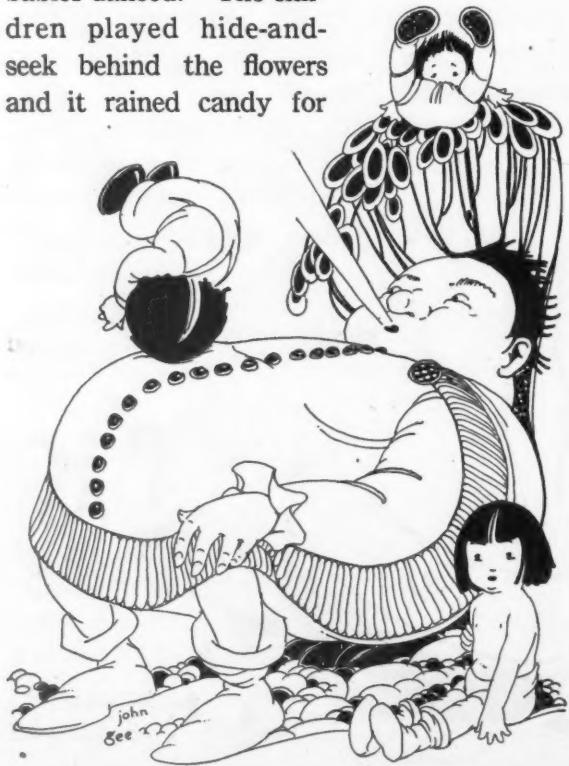
so still that he went to sleep. And when he did wake up he was so surprised to find that he had been asleep that he blew before he remembered his promise. A nice big fluffy cloud from the cold north countries had just arrived, and Mr. Wind's blow was so hard that the cloud turned wrong side out and every last one of the passengers took a header. The youngsters landed in the pool, the trees, on the roof, in the milk, and two landed right smack on Mr. Wind's stomach. Now that surely knocked the wind out of him again. And three more clouds turned wrong side out. Why, it looked as though it were raining children and babies! After that explosion, Mr. Wind thought it was time for him to move. Mrs. Wind told him she would blow all the blow out of him if he didn't behave. And that was the last that was heard of Mr. Wind that day.

How surprised the children were when they saw Dreamland all decorated! There were swings and swings and swings. There were nice slides down into the pool. And the sight of nine great big cookie jars was enough to make the children think they were dreaming, which, of course, they were. These cookie jars were set around the yard and four little ladders were fastened to each. The children were told to help themselves and they did; two or three were up each ladder all the time. There were merry-go-rounds and balloons, and a lot of little breezes danced on top of the house and all over the trees. There were all the usual playthings such as mops, rubbers, old shoes, dishes, magazines, nails, beans, sticks, chairs and coal. Each child did just as he wanted to do while he was in Dreamland.



One little fellow said he wanted to pull the cat's tail. But when Mr. Sandman told him there were no cats in Dreamland that youngster set up such a howl that he came near waking up all the babies. Mrs. Snow brought him a fur, but that didn't do because it didn't yell at the other end. Everybody tried to console him, but he wanted a cat's tail or nothing. Mr. Sandman said he was awfully sorry but he guessed he'd have to take the little fellow back to earth. So he picked up the little chap and, in the tiniest little cloud you ever saw, took him home.

The whole three-hour visit was spent in having fun. Dewdrops played music and the babies danced. The children played hide-and-seek behind the flowers and it rained candy for



three whole minutes. Mr. Sandman was having a good time. The children rode on his back or on his foot. They combed his hair and put their little arms around his neck and their warm soft cheeks right up to his.

Mr. Sandman was always thinking up new games to play with the children. But he knew how to make even the old-fashioned games seem new. It was much more exciting to play Hide-and-go-seek among the clouds, for instance, and there was always an extra piece of sky in Mrs. Sandman's work basket to use in a game of Drop-the-hand-kerchief.

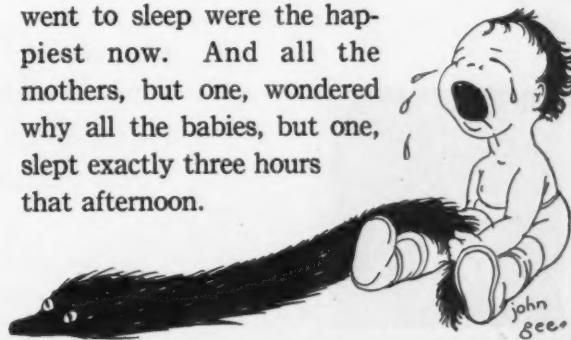
Mrs. Sandman was busy and happy, too. She was singing to the tiny babies and helping them play with rattles and spools. Everybody had a good time. Everybody was happy. The ice cream was extra good and the milk was nice and cold. If it were only Mr. Sandman's birthday every day! And four o'clock came too soon. But they waited just a minute, for here was Mrs. Sunshine trying to say something and she was smiling so brightly that every one had to look. What a surprise! She didn't need to say one word for only a few feet behind her were 500 little sunbeams carrying a huge sunshine cake with 500 candles on it. The cake was set on the grass and the children told to nibble. They nibbled with their teeth and dug holes with their little fingers. And then when they were all full Mrs. Sunshine told them to march around the cake and blow out the candles. Such fun! But it was time to

go home, so the little Breezes unfastened their clouds and waited for their chubby passengers. Out they all ran, and it didn't take long to fill the clouds.

But where was Mr. Sandman? He had disappeared the last few minutes. Oh well, maybe he had taken one cloud load ahead; so the babies told Mrs. Sandman "Good-bye" and whisked away in the clouds, blown homeward by the Breezes. But just as the clouds

were leaving Dreamland a tiny speck of a cloud was leaving the earth. When it came closer the children recognized Mr. Sandman with the baby who wanted a cat's tail. The baby was laughing and looked ready for a good time with anything. You see Mr. Sandman had watched that baby and, in order that the little chap wouldn't miss the party, had gone for him again as soon as his eyes closed. Mr. Sandman and all the babies waved; then the

clouds came to earth. At exactly the same minute—at exactly the same second even—all the babies but one woke up and began cooing and laughing and stretching out their arms to mother. Strangest of all, the babies who were cross before they went to sleep were the happiest now. And all the mothers, but one, wondered why all the babies, but one, slept exactly three hours that afternoon.





THE BROWNY and the FAIRY

MILDRED PLEW
MERRYMAN
Author of "Bonbon and Bonbonette"



ONE day the Browny Peekaboo
Was humming to himself,
When huddled in a hollyhock
He spied a lady elf.

And lo, as Browny Peekaboo
Was just about to grin,
He looked and saw a fairy tear
Go sizzle down her chin.

So while he whipped his hanky out
And wiped away her tear,
"Speak up, my little miss," he said,
"And tell your troubles, dear."

"Oh, sir," replied the fairy
As she fluttered him a glance,
"There's something very terrible
Has happened to my dance!"

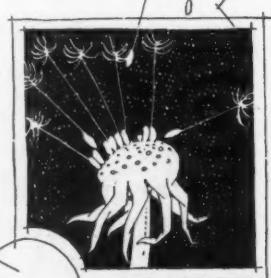
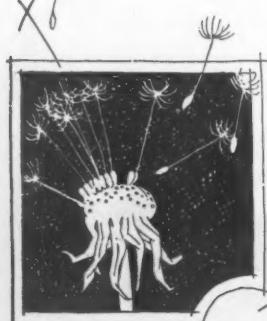
"I still can feel my rhythm
Going ticky, tacky, tick,
But though I keep on trying
Why, I cannot seem to kick."

"I hope that you will help me,
For I'm simply all upset;
I couldn't stay a fairy
If I couldn't pirouette."

"Well, first," replied the Browny,
As he rapped his ruler out,
"We'll measure up your slippers, ma'am,
And see what we're about."

Wheret the dapper Browny
Brought a dandelion seat,
And took the merry measure
Of the fairy lady's feet.

He measured up the sparkle
In her winky, twinky toe,
He measured up the buckle
And the bobby little bow;





Then oh, so very gallantly
The lady saw him kneel,
And take the tinky measure
Of the music in her heel.

"No wonder," cried the Browny,
"That you cannot whirligig;
Your slippers, little lady,
They are simply overbig."

"Your size is minus seven
And you're wearing minus two,
And therein lies the trouble,"
Said the Browny Peekaboo.

"But wait for just a jiffy, miss,
And you shall have a pair
To make you think you're dancing
On a thistle in the air."

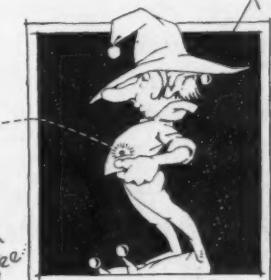
Then very, very skillfully
And quicker than a wink,
He whittled her a couple
From the petals of a pink.

And as she tried them out
Upon a sprig of mignonette,
"I never," said the Browny
"Saw a prouder pirouette!"

"Your feet are lighter, lady,
Than the feathers when they blow;
I'll think of you forever
As the Fairy Feather Toe."

"Oh, thank you!" cried the lady fairy,
"Thank you, sir, for this!"
And as she turned to flutter home
She whiffed a little kiss,

A fancy little fairy kiss,
That lightly blew and blew,
And landed in the pocket
Of the Browny Peekaboo.



THE WEEPING CANDLES

PHILIP BENSON'S arms went waving through the air. He slid, he stumbled, he teetered dangerously near the edge. But at last he regained his balance on the huge cake of ice. Phil took a deep breath. It was not his wish to fall into the dark water of the river.

Phil and Peter Rossi had ventured too close to the "breathing hole" or open space in the river ice. A cake of ice, with Phil on it, had cracked off and gone dipping and bobbing in the water. Pete thereupon had had to get a rope in a great hurry. But Pete had suddenly let go this rope just as Phil was about to step on solid ice.

"Why don't you watch what you're doing? You might have tumbled me into the water!" snapped Phil.

"I saw something white go drifting along the shore! You know, Phil, there has been talk of a white wolf roaming around since the last snow."

Phil reached the firm river ice. He favored the shoreline with a glance. "Don't see a thing!" he muttered. Then, whistling to himself, he started off with his hands in his pockets. Pete, with head downcast, followed with the rope.

The boys hadn't been on friendly terms for

By JAMES J. DEEHAN

some time now. That was why they didn't walk side by side. That was why Phil whistled and pretended that Pete wasn't just behind him.

Soon the boys approached Phil's home. The strangest sort of home! Phil, with his sister Betty, lived on *The Lass O' The Lake*, a boat. This boat was held fast in the river's winter ice. Down the hatchway went

the two boys to find Betty and little Mary Rossi, Pete's sister, playing house in the cabin. The boys gave the girls just a glance. Then their eyes sought a little shelf. Both boys started back.

"The candles! Where are they?"

"Oh," said Betty, "Mary and I changed things about. The two candlesticks are over by the stove. We called that our living room!"

The boys turned in the direction of the stove. Poor candles! The two green candles were drooped over, as sorrowful as could be. Instead of standing straight as before, they were bent down like the branches of a weeping willow.

"Don't they look odd?" mused Betty. Then she smiled. "I think the candles are crying because you boys are snippy toward each other!"

Phil frowned and picked up the candlestick



near him. He examined it carefully, then put it down quickly to pick up the other. Pete reached for the one discarded by Phil. The two girls wondered much as they watched the boys put the candlesticks back on the shelf. Why did each boy seem to claim a particular one for his own?

Mary looked at Betty and both shook their heads. They could not fathom the mystery. Then Mary decided it was time for her to be thinking of home. She and Betty went into the next cabin to put on their coats.

After the girls had gone not a word passed between the boys. Phil busied himself with his crystal radio set but he didn't offer to give Pete one of the phones. Pete took a last look at the candle he had placed on the shelf, then he started for the hatchway. The candle still appeared as though it were weeping sadly.

Phil, alone in the cabin of the ice-locked boat, jiggled the cat's whisker of his radio. But pussy wasn't "singing" pleasantly, to judge by the boy's face. Phil muttered to himself. He got up and, lifting down the candlesticks, weighed each in a hand. Phil frowned some more.

Had that white form, of which Pete spoke, been a white wolf? Indeed it could be! Only last week deer had come to the village because cold winter had made their food scant. Phil was disturbed at the thought.

Little Mary Rossi and sister Betty had gone out and might meet the wolf!

Once away from the side of *The Lass O' The Lake*, Phil spied the two girls far across the river ice. And there, ah the cruelty of it, was a white animal, moving a distance to one side.

The frightened boy started to run. He hoped the white animal would thus be attracted toward him instead of toward the girls.

But someone had had the same idea. That

someone was
Pete, a brave
Pete, as he
came from
behind a row
of stones and
raced in front
of the white
animal.

The girls heard Pete's cry. With widened eyes they turned to look. Then it was their turn to call a warning! Pete was rushing toward the breathing hole in the river. He did not see it, for he was ever looking over his shoulder at the white creature following him.

Again Betty and Mary shouted. Again Phil called as loudly as he could. It was of no use. Pete raced on. Soon his feet found no ice under them. Pete sank down, down in the open water of the river's breathing hole.

Wolf or no wolf, black water or no black water, quarrel or no quarrel, you couldn't have kept Phil back, now that Pete was in danger. Nor could you have kept back the white creature. It raced to the water's edge,



CUBBY

A True Bear Story

CUBBY was born in a rocky cave, high among the towering bluffs of Big Canyon, in north-eastern Arizona. At first he and his little fuzzy sister were no larger than kittens, but they grew fast, playing in the warm April sun that filtered in through the mouth of the cave. Cubby was coal black, but little sister was a rich, dark brown. Now most boys and girls do not know that there is really no difference between black bears and brown bears. But this is true. Just as some little girls have black hair, and others have brown hair, or yellow hair, so some bear cubs are black and some are brown, although they have the same father and mother.

When the two little bears were about a month old, and the last snow was almost gone from the north hillsides, their mother pushed and coaxed them away from the cave, and they took their first trip into the big outside world. They had a wonderful time, as you can imagine, climbing in the giant pines, and splashing in the clear water of the mountain streams. Cubby was happy all day long.

One day, as the little family was rambling across the ridges to Cedar Creek in the hope of finding some ripe manzanita berries, Cubby stopped to investigate a hollow log. Something in that log smelled very good to him, and he licked his lips. In the air above there was a droning, buzzing sound. Now Cubby didn't know anything about bees, but he did know that the honey in that log smelled very, very good, so he began to scratch at the soft, rotten bark. The bees had worked very hard carrying the honey from the cactus flowers to that log, and of course they did not like to have their home molested, so they gathered in an angry swarm about the little bear. Suddenly one of them swooped down and stung him right on the tip of his tender, black nose. It hurt, and Cubby grunted crossly and struck at the bee with his fuzzy paw.

By DAVID M. NEWELL

At this, all of the bees attacked him together. This was too much for Cubby. With a startled bawl, he fled down the canyon side as fast as he could go.

The old bear and little sister had gone on for some distance before they had missed Cubby. Then they turned around and started back to look for him.

All at once the old bear sat up and gave a low growl. In the canyon below was an Apache Indian on a buckskin pony. The Indian was jogging along, singing.

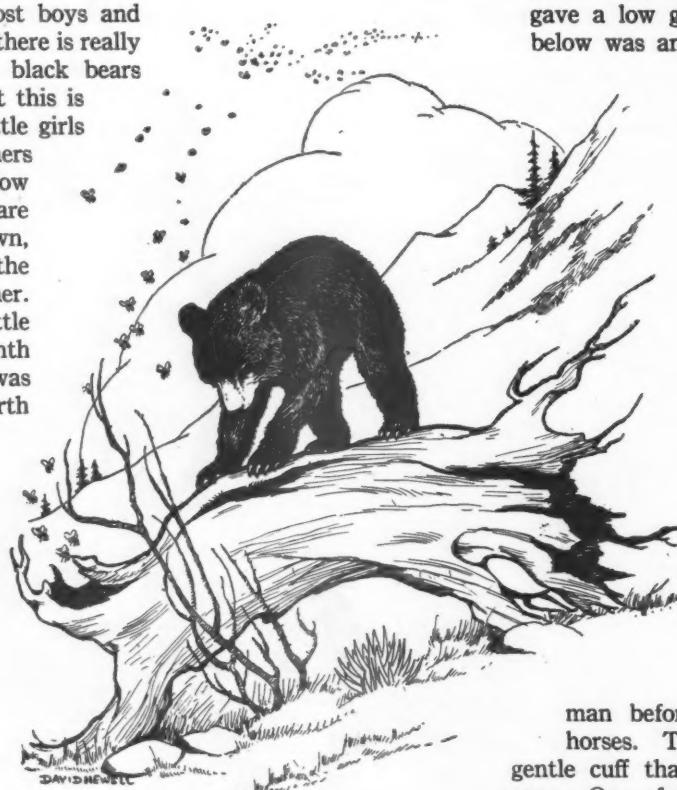
"Hi-yu toya, hi-yu toya, toyu i ana a Bachana," chanted the Indian.

"Grrrrr," said the old bear. She knew a good deal about men and she knew that the Indian was an enemy, so she decided to slip quietly away with little sister and come back to find Cubby when the Indian had passed. But little sister didn't want to go. She had never seen a

man before and but very few horses. The old bear gave her a gentle cuff that rolled her over and over. One of the first lessons that a little bear must learn is to obey, so

little sister got up and scrambled over the rocks after her mother, wondering where in the world Cubby could be and how soon he would catch up with them.

But Cubby was thinking of nothing else but to get away from those angry bees, and he ran in the first direction that he happened to start, which was right toward the Indian. Of course the Indian saw him, and galloped after him. Cubby ran as hard as he could, for he was terribly afraid of those two strange creatures. The thunder of the horse's hoofs frightened him. How he did wish for his mother! When he saw that he was just about to be caught, he scrambled up a little cedar tree and climbed to the very tiptop. The Indian laughed, and started up after the poor little bear. Cubby scratched and fought with all his might, but in spite of his struggles, he was captured and brought to my camp.



At first he was very lonely, but in a few days he made friends with two flop-eared hound pups, and it wasn't long until he was as tame and happy as he could be. He was very fond of sweets of all kinds, and would never eat his bread and milk unless I put a lot of sugar in it. I fixed him a box in the shade of a big cottonwood tree, and he would eat until his stomach looked like a little balloon and then crawl into his box and sleep. But at night he would not go to sleep at all unless I tied one of the puppies near-by. On very cold nights I often brought him into my tent, and he would curl up contentedly in my blankets. Many a morning I woke up to find a little woolly black bear licking my ear!

When Cubby had lived with me for about three weeks, I caught two more little bears and brought them in to camp. You would think that Cubby would have been very glad to see them, but he had played with the two pups so much that he had begun to think that he was a puppy himself! So, when he saw the newcomers, he stood up on his hind legs and waddled up to them suspiciously. Of course they wanted to make friends right away, but he didn't know just what to think of them. After a few days he got over his hostility and all three would go to bed in his box, curled up in one furry ball.

Late in the summer I took the three little bears to the city with me. Of course, I couldn't very well keep three bears in the city, so I disposed of all but Cubby. With his playmates gone, he grew very lonely and I was forced to go back to tying the hound pups near him. By this time he was larger than either of the pups, and occasionally became very rough in playing with them. He didn't mean to hurt them, but of course that did not make any difference to the poor pups. Fortunately a neighbor had a young airedale that was big enough to take care of himself in a rough and tumble match with a lusty little bear, and he came over nearly every day to play with Cubby. What a time they would have, rolling over and over in the grass, and chasing each other by the hour! But Cubby knew his friends, and whenever a strange dog came into the yard, the little bear would bristle up, stick out his upper lip, and charge the intruder at top speed. Of course, city dogs did not know anything about bears, and some mighty funny things

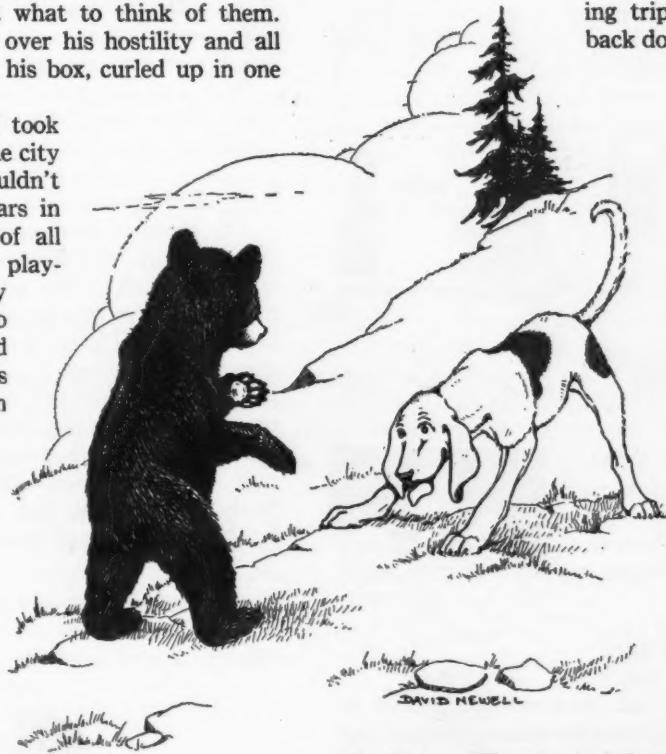
happened. Most dogs would run away from Cubby, but others acted differently. Some stopped to investigate him out of curiosity, and some wanted to fight. It didn't make any difference to Cubby! Before the strange dog knew what was happening, Cubby had jumped on him and boxed his ears soundly.

One of the funniest sights of all was to see the little bear sitting in a child's rocking chair. He took pleasure in this chair and would often rock himself to sleep! There we would find him, his little paws stretched out on the arms of the chair and his head resting on his breast. Sometimes I took him down to the drug store with me. He liked to ride in an automobile and he liked to go to the drug store, for he knew that such trips meant ice cream cones and candy. He was very fond of both, and when he had finished his cone he would walk up and scratch at the glass in front of the candy cases. Of course all the boys and girls in the neighborhood wanted to feed him, and I had a hard time keeping him from getting too much candy.

One day he went on a visiting trip by himself. The back door of a house near-by was open and he walked in. There was an old darky cook in the kitchen, and when she saw a bear coming in the door she threw up her hands and screamed. Then she ran and left the kitchen to Cubby. He helped himself to an ear of corn, and when he had eaten what he wanted he went into the dining room and pulled the tablecloth from the table. Of course, he broke all the dishes, including the sugar bowl, and spilled everything all over

the floor. When he had licked up all the sugar, he went into the front hall and started upstairs. There were two old ladies living in the house and they locked themselves in their rooms and telephoned for the police. In a few minutes the patrol came with five big policemen! They pulled out their revolvers and ran up the front steps. But by this time I had gone after Cubby and taken him home, so he was safe after all.

The next day he went to another neighbor's house and got into the cellar. Then he tore about half



(Continued on page 100)

FISH CARRYING DOUBLE

By HENRY B. MASON

YES, more than that, because three of us rode him; but I'll tell you about it.

Two children were on a steamer, crossing Lake Michigan. They sat on deck, side by side, in a steamer chair, and read a magazine. I sat in the next chair, rubbing the rust off my pocket knife, with a piece of sandpaper. By accident, they dropped their magazine on the floor. I picked it up and handed it back to them. They said thank you, and smiled. I said they were very welcome, and smiled. That's the way we became acquainted.

Next thing was, they showed me the story they were reading about a tame fish, with pictures of the fish. "Well, I declare," said I, "that's my fish." At first, the children thought that I was fooling; but I took out my ivory whistle from the breast pocket of my coat and began whistling. Away off on the water appeared a black streak, with a white streak just behind it.

"Look," I called out, "the black streak is my fish, and the white streak is water. My fish is

The children were very much excited, and so were all the other passengers and the sailors, too,

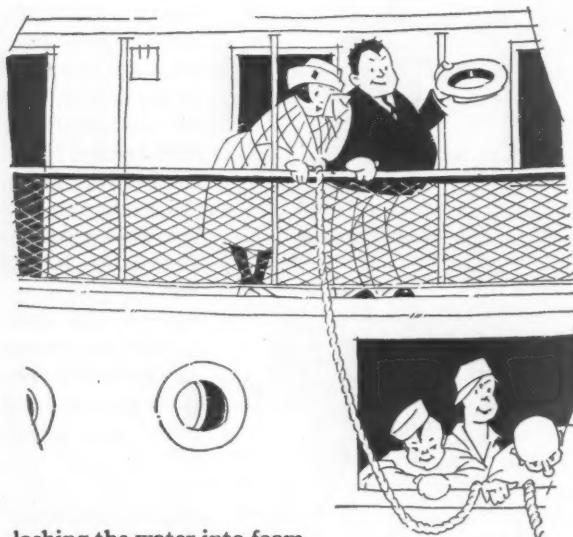
when my tame fish dashed to the side of the steamer and smiled up at me. At my words of command, the fish went backward and forward and in a circle, dived, came up again and made high jumps.

Seeing all those wonders and how friendly I was with the children, their father and mother shook hands with me and invited me to visit them at their summer cottage on the shore of Lake Michigan. They said that it would be pleasanter to stay there with home comforts rather than put up at a country hotel, with maybe poor cooking. I thought so, too.

So it was all arranged. I learned that the father and mother were Mr. and Mrs. Johnston; their daughter, Ada; and their son, Tom. I told them my name, and the fish's name, which is Lightning, because he goes so fast.

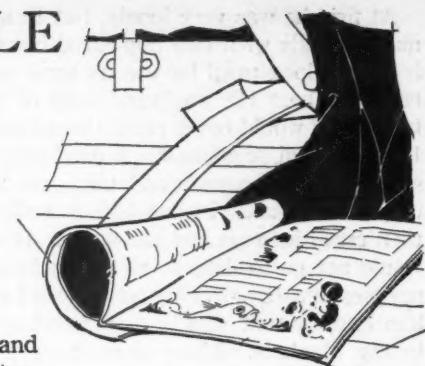
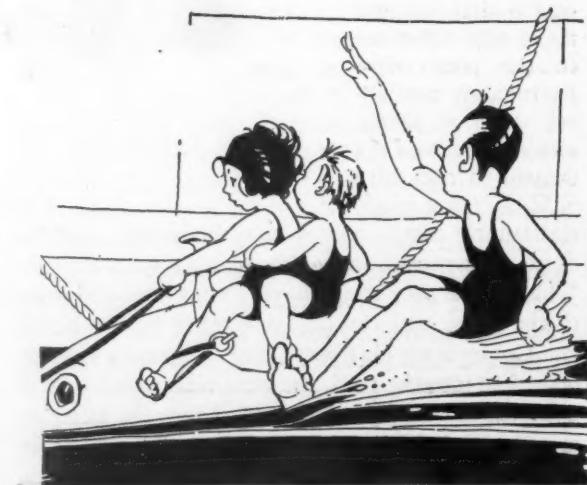
The steamer was on its way to a port on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. There the Johnstons expected to buy groceries and drive their car to their cottage, on the lake shore, seven miles north of the town. The car was being carried on the lower deck of the steamer.

I proposed that the children and I should skip the town entirely, just get off the steamer right onto the lake and take a fishback ride direct to the cottage. Mrs. Johnston asked me whether I was perfectly sure that my fish was gentle. "Indeed, he is," I answered, "and very fond of children." "Oh,



lashing the water into foam with his tail, in his hurry to come to me. He had been swimming close to the steamer, as a dog follows his master's wagon, but he had stopped awhile to rub noses with some wild sturgeon he met. The tame fish is a sturgeon. The wild sturgeon became friendly with him, especially after they found out that one of their number was the tame fish's cousin.

"The cousins used to play together, when they were fingerlings at the mouth of the Nipigon River in Lake Superior. They also had met a few times in later years, when they had grown to be twenty-pounders in Lake Michigan. Now, they weigh ninety pounds apiece, I guess. Full-grown sturgeon do grow that big."



very well," said Mrs. Johnston. "Then of course the children may go."

Ada and Tom shouted, "Goody," over and over again and jumped up and down and clapped their hands.

Lightning's saddle was plenty big enough for the two children. I would have to ride bareback behind them, but I reached down from the gateway just above the water and sandpapered the fish's back; otherwise it would have been too slippery. The fish didn't mind. He enjoyed having his back scratched.

Ada, Tom and I hurried into our bathing suits. I let myself down on Lightning's back. He leaped for joy but was careful not to shake me off. Mr. Johnston handed the children down to me. The fish kept perfectly still, while this was being done. Ada sat in the saddle close to the pommel, because she chose first turn to hold the reins. Tom sat next to her in the saddle. I rode on Lightning's sandpapered back and gripped his sides with my knees, to keep from falling off.

Off we started, kissing our hands to Mr. and Mrs. Johnston. He waved his straw hat so vigorously that it flew into the water, but Tom picked it up and threw it back. His father made a good catch. His mother waved her handkerchief to us. Most of the time she was smiling but once she put her handkerchief to her eyes. I really believe that, at that moment, she cried. Mothers worry sometimes when there is no need of it. As long as we were in sight of the steamer, the crew and passengers cheered and the band played. I whistled back to them.

Ada shook the reins and the fish fairly seemed to fly through the water. Soon we came to the Michigan shore and presently reached the Johnston cottage. It stands in a grove of maples on a little hill overlooking the water. We tied Lightning to the end of the pier, while we hurried up to the cottage.

Pretty soon Mr. and Mrs. Johnston drove up in their car, piled high with groceries and trunks. They brought along with them my suitcase and traveling bag. Mrs. Johnston cooked supper for us. Ada boiled shredded codfish in buttermilk, added sliced onions to the mess and fed a panful to Lightning. At the very first taste, Lightning rolled his eyes, flapped his fins, smacked his lips, wriggled

his stomach, wagged his tail and thought Ada was the best cook in the state.

Ada and Tom and I have great fun with Lightning. Sometimes we are daring and ride him into deep water. At other times, we bathe with him near shore. Lightning wanted to look inside the cottage. So we wheeled him there in a wheel-barrow, with a wet cloth over his head. It only took a minute. Lightning thought the cottage very pretty and beautifully furnished. We dumped Lightning into the bath tub and served a light lunch, raspberries and cream. Then we wheeled him back to the lake.

Lightning's cousin has been hanging around the pier every day for the last two weeks. He generally makes it convenient to come at breakfast time and stay till after tea. He helps eat Lightning's food, but Lightning lets him. They are very fond of each other.

The other day, we hitched the two of them to the Johnston's rowboat. I made the harness out of old trunk straps. Ada sewed red rosettes on the bridles. The two fish drew us in the boat to a beautiful bay. An ice-cold spring trickled down the rocks into a natural stone basin on the beach. There we unpacked our provisions and had a picnic. We had chicken sandwiches and apple pie and shared them with the two fish. We felt that they certainly deserved them for drawing us there and back again.

When vacation is over, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston will take the steamer back home. Ada and Tom and I think of crossing Lake Michigan in the Johnston's row boat, with Lightning and his cousin hitched to the boat in double harness.

Circuses have heard about the two tame fish and offer us free tickets and lots of money, if we will exhibit the two tame fish at the circus tent in a large glass tank filled with water. Maybe we will, and get lots of money. I think it a very good idea, and the children's mother and father seem to think well of it. It would be very convenient to have money in our pockets every time we want an ice cream cone or a glass of ginger ale.





Poor Mrs. Smith!

THE doorbell rang—ding-a-ling-a-ling! “Why, Mrs. Jones!” said Mrs. Smith, opening the door. “How glad I am to see you! Come in—luncheon’s on the table.”

Mrs. Jones came in and began to take off a very large hat. “How beautiful your house is!” she said, admiringly. “And the luncheon table looks sweet! I see you have it set for three. Is there another guest?”

“My little brother, Dick,” said Mrs. Smith. “My mother asked me to let him come. He’s promised to be very good. He was here a moment ago, but now he’s gone. I’ll call him and then we’ll sit right down.”

Mrs. Smith stepped out into the hall (almost tripping over her long skirt) and called over the banister, “Dick! Dick! Come on, right away! We’re going to eat.” But wherever Dick was, he didn’t answer.

“We just won’t wait!” said Mrs. Smith, coming back into the playroom (her house, I mean!). “He’ll prob’ly be here in a minute. Sit right down, Mrs. Jones.”

Mrs. Jones sat down. Mrs. Smith sat down. And then Mrs. Smith uttered a frightful shriek and scared poor Mrs. Jones so badly that she almost fell over backward!

“That terrible boy!” cried Mrs. Smith. “I’m going to tell my mother! He’s drunk every single drop of Postum out of all three cups!”

Just then they heard loud giggling. Mrs. Smith rushed over to the closet and pulled her brother out by the arm.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post’s Bran Flakes and Post’s Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

“Go straight downstairs!” she ordered. “And tell Mother we’ll have to have some more Postum! You’re a perfect pig about Postum!”

I’m sorry to say that Mrs. Smith’s brother made a face at Mrs. Smith. “All right!” he said. “But you needn’t get so mad! Mother won’t care a bit. You know she loves me to drink all the Postum I want!”

MOTHERS! Once you know about Postum, you’ll love to have *your* children drink it, too. It would be hard to find a more appetizing, nourishing, wholesome drink for children than Instant Postum, prepared with hot (not boiled) milk. Postum, you know, is made from wheat and bran, roasted. A fine, healthful drink, to take the place of dangerous tea and coffee!

Try Postum for your family. It is so economical and it can be made right in the cup. Get it today from your grocer—or, if you prefer, we’ll send you a week’s supply, free. With it we will send an interesting little booklet by Carrie Blanchard. Mail the coupon today!

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THIS month we are going to bake something—really, truly bake, with an oven and pans and mixing bowls and all the frills of real baking. Don't you think that will be fun? Baking is such an important form of chemistry—it always seems like magic to me! You put pans of gooey looking dough, that no one could possibly eat, into the oven; and then quietly, behind that closed door, heat changes and changes the dough till it turns into food—luscious smelling, delicious tasting food that will give pleasure in the eating and will make strong, healthy girls and boys. Can you think of anything more important to learn than just that sort of chemistry?

If you intend to be first-class cooks—as, of course, you all do—you will want to learn much more about baking than you have time for in this one lesson. You will want to learn what sort of pans are best to use, how to manage an oven, how to tell when the temperature is the right heat for what you want to bake, what kinds of foods bake best and why, and many other such facts. You won't learn them all in a day or even a year. We're all still learning. But by being on the lookout, you can learn from every magazine you pick up, from many books and from talking with people who have been baking more years than you have yet had a chance to work. And if you want to ask questions about things you would like us to write about in the Child Life Kitchen, send us your question on a post card and we shall answer in an article as soon as possible. Nothing like a good question

LESSON No. 12

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON
Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectives," etc.

to make a good answer, you know, and we do like to get postal cards from our big family of cooks.

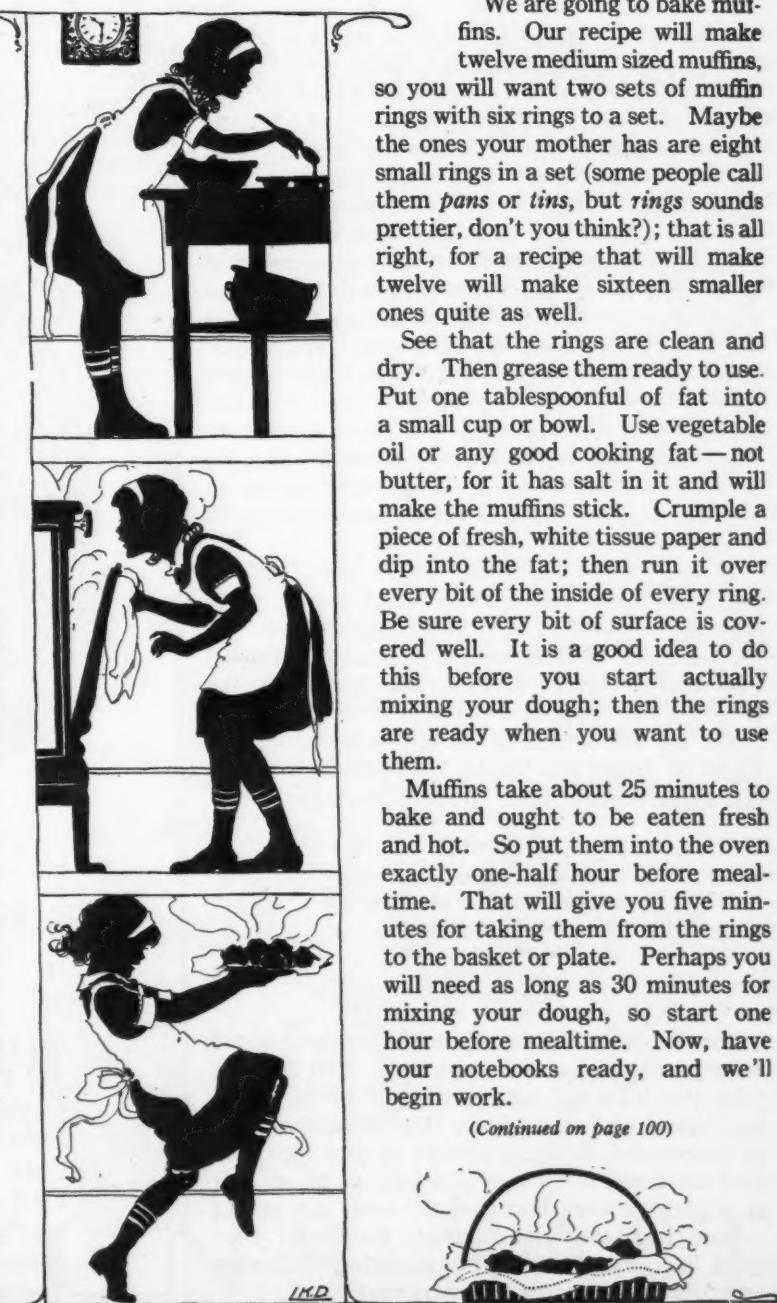
And now for the baking!

We are going to bake muffins. Our recipe will make twelve medium sized muffins, so you will want two sets of muffin rings with six rings to a set. Maybe the ones your mother has are eight small rings in a set (some people call them *pans* or *tins*, but *rings* sounds prettier, don't you think?); that is all right, for a recipe that will make twelve will make sixteen smaller ones quite as well.

See that the rings are clean and dry. Then grease them ready to use. Put one tablespoonful of fat into a small cup or bowl. Use vegetable oil or any good cooking fat—not butter, for it has salt in it and will make the muffins stick. Crumple a piece of fresh, white tissue paper and dip into the fat; then run it over every bit of the inside of every ring. Be sure every bit of surface is covered well. It is a good idea to do this before you start actually mixing your dough; then the rings are ready when you want to use them.

Muffins take about 25 minutes to bake and ought to be eaten fresh and hot. So put them into the oven exactly one-half hour before mealtime. That will give you five minutes for taking them from the rings to the basket or plate. Perhaps you will need as long as 30 minutes for mixing your dough, so start one hour before mealtime. Now, have your notebooks ready, and we'll begin work.

(Continued on page 100)



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from page 99)

MUFFINS

Put into a mixing bowl $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sugar
 1 egg (both the yellow and white)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful fat (butter, vegetable oil or fat)

Beat till creamy.

Add 1 cupful of whole milk. (If you used butter, skimmed milk will do.)

Add 2 cupfuls of flour into which you have sifted 4 level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Beat till smooth.

Drop from a spoon into greased muffin rings.

Bake for about 25 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve immediately.

"But how shall we tell whether they are done?"

We're just coming to that. When your muffins have been in the oven 8 minutes, open the door very gently and peek. If they are baking right, they will be puffy and big, but not one bit brown. Wait another 8 minutes and peek again. By now they should begin to brown and the little mountain at the top will be splitting open and white dough coming through. Shut the door gently and wait 8 minutes more. Now they will look brown and ready to eat. Tap the top of the muffin nearest you—tap quickly and you will not burn your finger. If you can see the print of where your finger tapped, let the muffins bake four minutes more and test again. If you cannot see where you tapped, take them from the oven at once; turn upside down on a rack or on a clean towel. They will drop out of the rings as quick as you please and should be served at once with butter and jam.

If your family like bran muffins (and they are delicious, don't you think?), use 1 cupful white flour and 1 cupful of bran in this same recipe. Or for cornmeal muffins take a cupful of cornmeal instead of the bran. And for variety, you may like to add a few chopped dates or raisins.

We are not forgetting John who is having his friend for dinner this month. We promised to suggest a good menu for him. What do you think of this?

DINNER

Cream of spinach soup
 Little sausages with mashed potato
 Cauliflower au gratin
 Bran muffins Jelly
 Orange salad
 Apple dumplings

The dumplings will be so good that four-year-old sister Jane will be sure to want some. Tell Mother, John, that if she will use vegetable fat in the dumpling pastry and take $\frac{1}{3}$ less than usual, and add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking powder to each cupful of flour she takes, she will have a flaky pastry that is so wholesome even four-year-old sister can eat it.

Good luck with the muffins! Remember that 'good luck' means measuring accurately, following rules and paying attention as you work.

CUBBY

(Continued from page 95)

the asbestos off of the furnace! He thought that it was all great fun, but the neighbors didn't think so, and finally I saw that I would have to do something with him or he might come to harm. Poor Cubby! He wanted to be friendly and have a good time, that was all.

There was a man in the city who had a great big, black bear and two youngsters about the size of Cubby. This man traveled around in a motor truck with his bears, giving exhibitions. He would wrestle with the big bear, and the two cubs would box. One day he came out to see me and asked to buy Cubby. I saw that he was very good to his animals and that my little bear would have a good home and plenty to eat, so I sold him to the showman.

Maybe, sometime, you will see Cubby. If you do, tell him that if he will come back to see me some day I shall buy him a quart of chocolate ice cream and all the candy he can eat.



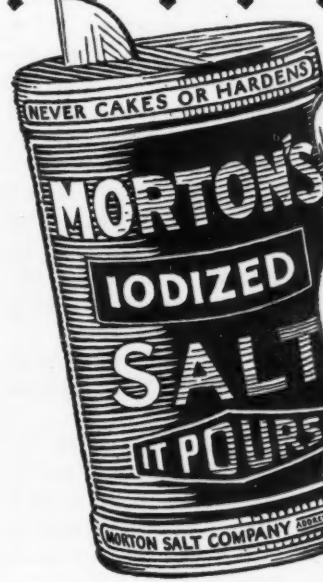
THE PUPPY SAYS TO THE BUMBLEBEE

MARY PAXTON

BEE, bee, bumblebee,
 Don't you dare to bumble me.
 I will spank you with my paw,
 I will mash you with my jaw,
 I will wag you with my tail,
 I will eat you without fail.
 Bee, bee, bumblebee,
 Arrrough, arrrough, arrrough.
 You bumbled me!

A NATURAL TABLE SALT THAT STANDS BE- TWEEN CHILDREN AND ALMOST CERTAIN ILLNESS

• • • • • *possible deformity*



That illness is a goiter—the easiest known disease to prevent. It is caused by the failure of most everyday foods to supply the body with iodine, health authorities find.

In many communities as high as 50% of school children are afflicted—needlessly.

For by simply salting food with Morton's Iodized Salt, goiter is automatically prevented.

It contains the tiny trace of iodine that foods lack. Yet it tastes no different than our famous salt that "Pours"—nobody notices the change.

Get Morton's Iodized at your grocers today. And send now for our free book that every mother should read.

FREE! Morton Salt Company
Dept. 55, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE copy of "The Prevention of
Simple Goiter."
Name _____
Address _____
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What Noted Medical Men Say

"Iodine is almost an absolute preventive of goiter. That has been proved beyond all question. Given in table salt it is a preventive for goiter."

Dr. Chas. H. Mayo, in address before the Wayne County Medical Association, January 26, 1924.

The Original Salt that "Pours"

In less than 11 years this package salt has become the favorite salt of the nation. Because of its exceptional flavor and purity and because "When it Rains it Pours." The new iodized variety is just like it except for its iodine content (2/100 of 1%).



MORTON'S SALT

C. L. SEWING CIRCLE



Conducted by ALICE COLBY JUDSON

YOU ARE INVITED TO THE
CHILD LIFE BAG-GAGE PARTY
 SATURDAY MORNING
 PLEASE BRING MATERIALS FOR MAKING
 BAGS

OH, DO see this!" said Frances, as she picked up a very empty-feeling paper bag that lay on the mail table in the front hall. "There's something inside!" She opened the folded slip and read the invitation you have read at the top of this page.

"Mother, do see this!" she called happily. "Ellen's having a bag-gage party for the Sewing Circle. Now who ever heard of a party like that? And what kind of a bag shall I make? I'll have to decide that."

Now much to Frances's amazement, she found that there are a great many kinds of bags that Sewing Circle girls can make, and it wasn't easy to decide what sort would be the most fun to do. There are hat bags, traveling bags, sewing bags, laundry bags and shoe bags, to say nothing of pretty ones for handkerchiefs and many other things. No wonder there was much discussion in the Sewing Circle that week, for the trouble was not finding a kind of bag but deciding which of many kinds!

But as the days went by one girl after another decided, and Saturday morning was awaited eagerly. You see, they had decided to keep their plans secret, so no one knew what the other was bringing and it was all a surprise.

It was with great glee that they opened their parcels when Saturday morning finally came and they were all assembled in Ellen's sewing room.

Virginia was the first to open her work. Her

sewing bag was fairly bulging with interesting looking materials.

"I'm going to make a shoe bag," she told them, as she displayed a piece of crash 22 by 16 inches, and two strips of blue gingham 18 by 10 inches each. "I had a hard time choosing between cretonne to match my curtains or plain gingham or Indian head," she said. "But I needn't have worried! There wasn't any cretonne in the piece bag and there was plenty of gingham, so gingham I'll use. After I hem the gingham strips on one side," she explained,

"I'll stitch them onto the crash, putting four tucks across the bottom of each pocket for fullness. Then I'll stitch right down the middle and make two pockets out of each strip, four all together."

"But what will you do with it then?" asked Jane, much interested.

"I'll hang it in my closet," laughed Virginia. "I can sew brass rings to the top and ask Father to put hooks on my closet door to fit. Or I can run a string through the hem in the top of the crash part and tie the bag to the hooks already in my closet."

"But let's see what you have, Frances," she added as she made ready to start work.

"I'm going to make a book bag," said Frances. "I could use almost any material for it—cotton, linen or silk—but I decided

on brown cotton with a linen finish because that doesn't rumple easily." She took from her bag a piece of material 18 by 9 inches. "I shall hem the four sides," she said, "and then fold back the short ends $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches to make a sort of pocket into which the book covers will slip. Tape will make the handles that I'll sew on each end. I think it will be fine for keeping a borrowed book clean."

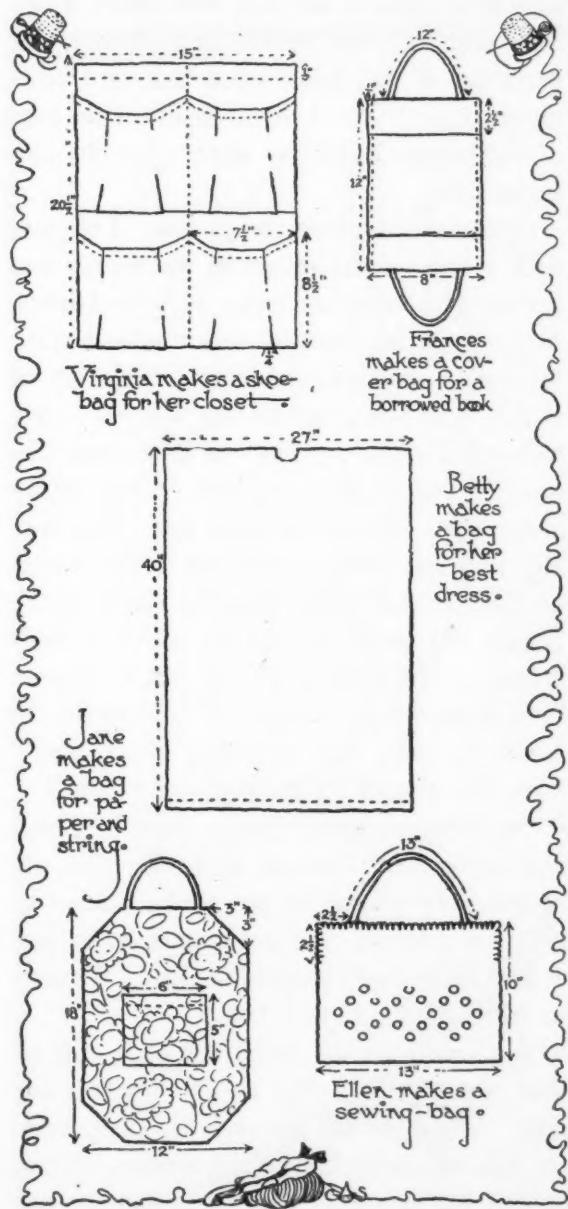
"It will be nice for carrying particular books to



school," said Virginia, thoughtfully. "I sometimes borrow one of Mother's and I like to keep it extra carefully."

Betty could hardly wait for her turn to talk, so the second Frances stopped, she showed what she was going to make.

"Mine is a dress bag," she cried, as she pulled out a length of pretty sateen 27 inches wide and 40 inches long. "This is to be for my very best



dress," she said, "so Mother said I could use sateen. For other dresses I'm going to use cambric in pretty colors or percale or silkaline. I shall sew up the sides—so. And I'll hem the bottom and put on snappers to make it dustproof. At the tiptop I'll punch a hole and buttonhole stitch it. That is to slip the hanger through, you see. Isn't it a won-

(Continued on page 108)

Making Children's Clothes Saves Money

Helpful Hints, 10 cents



MAKING children's clothes saves money and shopping time. It gives a chance for individuality and it doubles the life of a garment.

Even remnants or a discarded dress of mother's can be made up by the directions in Clark's O. N. T. Sewing Book No. 14 into cunning, practical garments which the children will love.

Most of the little folks' clothes can be made without patterns—just follow the clear diagrams and directions.



The Spool Cotton Co., Dept. 579
881 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I send 10c for Clark's O. N. T.
Book No. 14.

CLARKS O.N.T.

The Best Value in Thread

AMERICAN BABY HOSE



CRINKLY PINK TOES THAT WIGGLE AND TWIST

WEAR them, wash them, wear them, wash them, American Baby Hose will never grow short, they'll never grow bulgy and limp, but always retain the wonderful clingy fit that they had the first time they were worn.

The long full yarn, soft and stretchy, makes them retain their shape after ordinary hose would be unfit for wear. And how American Baby Hose do wear!

Can be had in silk, silk and wool, 100% wool, Rayon or mercerized and combed Egyptian cotton, in white and every seasonable color, from size 3 to 6½. Guaranteed fast colors. 25 cents to \$1.00 per pair, at the Infants Wear Departments of good stores.

*Sold through wholesalers.
Write for names of those nearest you.*

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WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number XXVII

By RUTH BRADFORD

FRESH fish to-day! Yes, I am a champion fisherman and I don't care who knows it. For a sea bird with short wings, long stiff tail and webbed feet, I'm rather versatile—if you know what that is. I swim more than I fly, I dive easily, I'm fond of swimming under the water and oh, how I can fish!

Of course I do other things, too. I migrate with a great many others of our family and gather with them on rocky cliffs and islets. And my, during courting season what beautiful bright plumes and crests some of us wear! And I'm a builder too, in a way. My wife and I build our nests of sticks and seaweed and in it she lays three or four bluish green eggs. We travel some, too. You usually find our folks around the rocky coasts of Europe and North America—here in the North, but sometimes as far south as New Jersey. We have a pretty fancy name—PHALACROCORAX CARBO, if you want to know it. But our everyday name you'll want the fun of discovering for yourself.

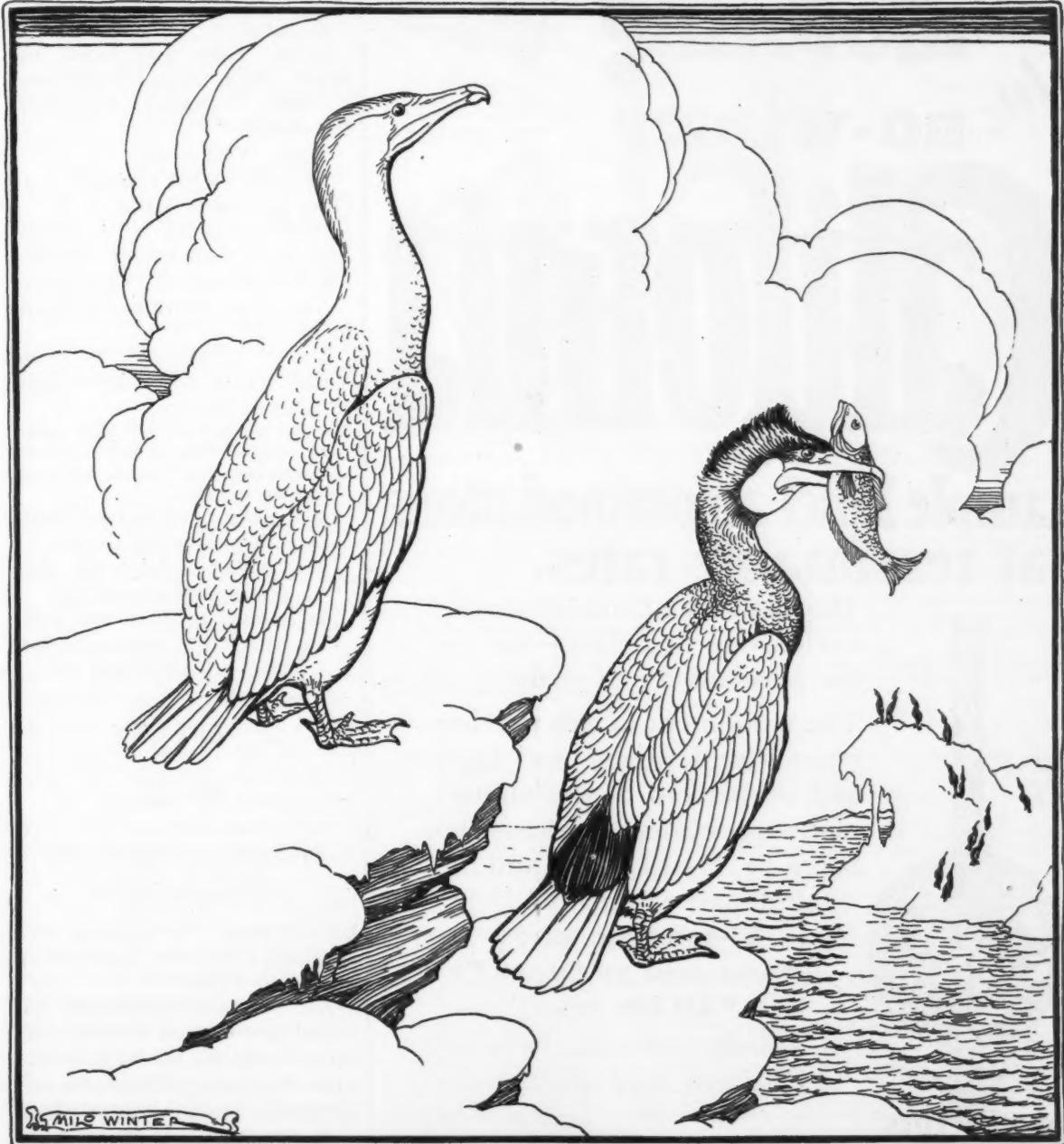
One branch of my family lives in China and Japan and likes to help men fish. If caught very young we are easily trained to help our masters, who put collars on us just at first, so we won't swallow the fish. We used to fish for Englishmen, too.

You ought to see us sitting on a raft or boat waiting for a fish to flap his fins our way. When we do see one, we dive, seize the fish, and bring him to our master. When he has all he wants he lets us fish for our own dinner. In shallow waters it's a mighty clever fish that can escape us. If it is too large for one of us to handle alone, another bird dives to the rescue, then together we haul it in for our master.

And this is no fish story, either!

WHO'S WHO in the ZOO

Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN

Dear Children: Read about me on page 104, then tell my name and color me in my really truly colors. Mail me so I'll reach Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before February 12. Be sure to send your name

and age and address with the page you color. The two best pages and answers by a girl win a prize, and so do the two best pages and answers by a boy. The names of the boys and girls who do the next best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.

- good
golf
- good
motoring
in no-winter
California

**ample hotel accommodations
at reasonable rates.**

The California Limited—always exclusively first-class—has set the standard for 31 years.

The equipment of this peerless train was designed and built and is operated by the masters of transportation service—the Santa Fe, Fred Harvey and the Pullman Company.

**Those who know
come and go Santa Fe
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The shortest route between Chicago and California

mail this

W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager,
Santa Fe System Lines,
1253 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me Santa Fe picture-folders of winter trip to California.



MARCHING ON!

(Continued from page 85)

became our President.

ALL: Our President!

MISSY (*repeating half to herself as she looks at Lincoln's picture*): Massa Linkum—he look kind. [There is a moment's pause. Then a knocking is heard off stage.]

Amy hurries out and returns with an excited, jabbering group of neighborhood boys and girls.]

BOYS: Have you heard the news? Have you heard the news?

GIRLS: It's signed! It's signed! It's signed!

TOM: What news?

ARTHUR: What's signed?

(They all jump to their feet)

BOYS and GIRLS: The Emancipation Proclamation! Lincoln has freed the slaves! They're free!

AMY, TOM, ARTHUR and KATE: Free!

MISSY: O Mammy! I's comin' home! Thank you, God! Thank you, Massa Linkum!

(The boys and girls put their heads together and whisper. Then as Missy steps toward the picture of Lincoln, with arms lifted, they sing softly):

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy,
let us die to make men *free*.
While God is marching on!

MISSY: Free!

CURTAIN



JIMMY'S FRIEND

(Continued from page 88)

blustery dark. "I'm getting very tired and I feel very lonesome, so I need my friend."

And then he straightened up and looked hard over his shoulder and, his face all alight, put his little mitten hand into the hand of a tall, strong boy, who was used to hiking and to hardships, and who wouldn't let his little friend stop or fall, but would bring him safe to Daley's cabin. And sure enough, in a few minutes they could see Daley's lights glimmering down the hill.

and all the bothering business of hunting telephone poles with the flash light could stop.

Perhaps Jimmy's friend pushed open the door of Daley's cabin. Somehow Jimmy fell, snowshoes and all, into the motherly arms of Mrs. Daley, on her way to see who was talking outside there in the snow.

"Thank you!" Jimmy was saying. "You needn't come in. I'm all right now. It's great to have you for my friend."

"You poor little chap!" cried Mrs. Daley. "You don't mean to say you came clear from the ranger's cabin?"

"Oh, I'm all right," piped Jimmy. "Five miles is nothing if you have to do it. My father—" He delivered his message and Mrs. Daley started the men folk off posthaste for the doctor.

When they had gone and she was giving Jimmy some supper, she returned to the subject of Jimmy's pluck.

"I was awfully tired and I was pretty scared," admitted Jimmy honestly, "but back there on the hill my friend—well, I guess we won't talk about it," he concluded in a small boy's sudden embarrassment, lest his dearest fancy, so real to him, should be questioned or jeered at. For Jimmy knew just what had happened. When he needed his friend desperately, the friend had come. Jimmy had seen him—or had he? Anyhow it was splendid to have a friend who could put heart into you like that.

The next winter Jimmy Post went East to school, and then after a while to college, and everywhere he made scores of friends.

"Say, Jimmy Post is a great boy," one of them said. "He's little, but he's got grit. When he ought to be down and out, he isn't. He has a funny habit—just looks up, sort of in the air, as if he were smiling at somebody who'd come to help him out, and then he starts in all over and *he wins!* You can't beat Jimmy Post, and you can't make him fight on the wrong side."

Sometimes, to the few friends who will really, surely understand, Jimmy tells the story of his friendship with Abraham Lincoln.

The Children's Hour

Kindergarten
Grade

for the little children



Makes
Your Children
Happier



Makes
Their Training
Easier



A New Idea
In
Helping'
Mother



READ what these **Five Beautiful Books** **WILL DO** for you

Edited By LUCY WHEELOCK
Head of the Wheelock School for Kindergartners

Volume I—Compiled by Susan S. Harriman. Mothers find nothing more difficult than to secure exactly the right stories for very little children. For years they have treasured in scrap books and otherwise the very best to be found. This volume gives you the stories collected under the direction of Lucy Wheelock, the Editor of this series and one of the best kindergartners in the world—135 stories not to be found together in any other volume.

Volume II—Compiled by Maude C. Nash. Crammed full of happy and instructive amusement. How to make hundreds of toys from materials that cost little or nothing. Dozens of amusing games. Fascinating occupations. A whole childhood of play in this one volume and all of the kind that helps make your child a better boy or girl.

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Shelter	Traveling	Food
Music	Clothing	Art
Light	Toys	etc.

Volume IV—Written by Lucy Wheelock. Many a mother has thanked us for the inspiring talks on child training that make up this volume, for they give a clearer understanding of many mysteries of a Child's mind. A few chapters picked at random give you an idea of the helpfulness of this book—"How Children Learn," "The Little Artist," "Habits," "The Obedient Child" and thirty-one other chapters on equally important subjects.

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These five volumes offer an encyclopedia of information on stories, songs, games, occupations, fun, frolic, toy-making, and every day knowledge that are indorsed by teachers and educators everywhere. In fact, the information contained in these five volumes—if purchased even in a small proportion of the books covered—would run into hundreds of dollars. And much of this information could not be purchased at any price.

This Book Only TEN CENTS

48 pages, with 6 color and 6 black and white illustrations

We will send you (for only five two cent stamps to cover cost of mailing) a booklet telling you how to make a wonderful doll house—with colored pictures—and diagrams—and full directions. By Maude C. Nash, compiler of the volume on "Children's Occupations" in the Kindergarten Children's Hour. It will also tell how you can learn to make hundreds of other pretty things, and read delightful stories, and learn charming songs, and fascinating games, and how to keep the little children busily happy every hour in the day.



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., SEND THIS AT ONCE
4 Park Street Boston, Mass.

Please send me without charge and without obligation on my part the illustrated booklet entitled "Children's Occupations" and full information regarding the KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN'S HOUR.
I inclose 10 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Name Address City State CL-3

BEECH-NUT "MOTHER" STORIES: NUMBER ONE

Jean says:

"I am a mother myself,
Mrs. Cat, and I know
what's good for
children!"



JUST look at Gladys here. Did you ever see a healthier child? And you really should meet Fifi, my French doll who says "Ma-ma." She's very bright. And my Billy Boy Blue is a cherub.

Are you listening, Mrs. Cat? I'll tell you what I give them *every day* for tea. I give them Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. I'll tell you why. It tastes so good, they think they're having a party—but I know they couldn't eat anything more sensible.

"Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is wonderful for children" I heard my Mother say. "It's wholesome, nourishing and easy to digest." "And all Beech-Nut foods are particularly pure and delicious" said my Daddy, who really does know everything.

So, Mrs. Cat, get your purse and go right down to the grocer's. He has jars and jars of Beech-Nut on his shelf—nice, glass jars with pretty red ovals on them. Beech-Nut will coax any child to eat, even when he *thinks* he isn't hungry—my Mother says.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.



Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

"Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor"

C. L. SEWING CIRCLE

(Continued from page 103)

derful idea?" And she started threading her needle.

"Just wait a minute till we see Jane's and Ellen's things," said Virginia, "and then we'll all start working."

Jane laughingly displayed her cretonne.

"You know it is always my job to fold and keep in order the wrapping paper and string that come to our house. And really, it's hard to keep it nice and straight. So I'm making a paper and string bag that I shall hang in the pantry so tidy papers will be clean and easy to find.

"My bag will be cretonne because that's gay and pretty, but any strong material would be quite nice. I've cut it 18 by 12 and trimmed off the corners to make it a nice shape. I'll make tape handles and sew on a string pocket 5 by 6 inches. Don't you think that is plenty large?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Frances, "plenty. And I like your bag idea a lot. I think I'll make one for our pantry before our next meeting."

While the girls were talking, Ellen had been unpacking an amazing array of materials. She had willow sticks about 13 inches long which she said she got at a furniture dealer's, a ball of black yarn, a card of white buttons, a piece of blue homespun material of unusual weave, 11 by 14, and some blue sateen to match in color and size.

"I almost have to make two bags," she explained as she sorted her things. "I'll make the one of sateen first and then the homespun, sewing them neatly on two sides but leaving the top open. Then I'll put the sateen one *inside* the homespun—that's for lining—and backstitch in black yarn around the top and down two inches on each side so it will open more easily. I'll cover the willow sticks with homespun; they are the handles, and being stiff they help hold the bag in shape, so it won't hang limp when it is full. On the front side I'm going to work a design with white buttons and black yarn. It won't take long and will look nice, I know."

They all started to work with enthusiasm and so well did the sewing go that they didn't even think to look at the clock till Ellen appeared with paper bags filled with fresh popcorn and announced that the working part of the baggage party was over.



CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

Great Citizens

Miss Bradley, their counselor, was telling the members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League about the boy who had been so eager to see General Washington that he had peeped in at him through the window. When the boy fell and gave his hiding place away, the great man had him brought in, gave him cakes and nuts and told him that he was General Washington.

But the boy was not convinced. "No, you are only just a man," he said. "I want to see the President."

Washington enjoyed the joke, and finally made his visitor understand that though he was President and a great general, he *also* was a man.

"Funny," said David, after Miss Bradley had finished, "but I've always felt the same way about it. Washington's so wonderful that it's hard to think of him as just a man. And in spite of that story about the cherry tree, it's hard to think of him as ever just a boy."

"And that's exactly the side of him we need to see," Miss Bradley went on. "We know about Washington's statesmanship and his great record as a general, but that isn't going to help us become good citizens half so much as a knowledge of his very human personal qualities that made him the sort of *man*

he was. His marvelous self-control, his absolute honesty, his dauntless courage—these are the characteristics that made him great, and these are the qualities that *we* need, if we are

to help our country."

"It's the same way with Abraham Lincoln, isn't it?" asked Elizabeth. "Of course, we know much more about his human side than we do

about Washington's, but then we don't *think* about it enough. The things we talk about the most are the big impressive things he did after he was grown—the things that the history books tell us about."

"Yes," Miriam agreed with her, "I think so too. Lincoln's kindness, the way he learned to be just in the small things and his love of the truth are about the most important things we children, who are trying to be good citizens, can learn about him."

"Suppose that each of us goes to the library and look up a personal anecdote about either Washington or Lincoln," suggested Miss Bradley.

This was the reason that the members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League spent the last part of February in looking up the little human stories about their heroes to tell each other at their meetings. But the first part of the month the members spent rehearsing a Lincoln play, which they presented on the great emancipator's birthday, and when February was over, they all felt that they understood why it was that Washington and Lincoln became great citizens.

Message from WILSON L. GILL

Inventor of the School Republic and President of the American Patriotic League

THE pupils should be led to desire to be trained in citizenship and to pledge loyalty to their own government. It is desirable to have a record of an expression of their wish and of their pledge, for the moral effect and for study. The following draft has been used satisfactorily in many schools:

To Whosoever May Be in a Position to Grant Our Petition:

We, the undersigned pupils, pray that you grant to us the privileges and responsibilities of American citizenship, now, while day by day we are spinning our lives into strong, unbreakable habits, and weaving this warp and woof into our permanent character.

We have learned something of the spirit of our American institutions, of the history of our country, and of present conditions. Though our people are prosperous, a deplorable civic condition has been pointed out to us, that a large part of the intelligent men who were educated, as we are now being educated, do not perform the fundamental duties of citizenship, such as attending primaries, voting at city elections, and serving on juries. Thereby the democratic foundations of our great republic are endangered. We have been shown how we may be saved from such a fate by being trained into faithful and effective defenders and developers of the democratic rights to which we are heirs, though we have not yet come into our heritage, and we adopt these words and sentiments, which have been submitted to us, to be our own, and pray that you will seriously consider and grant our petition, which stated more in detail, is:

That we may be permitted to govern ourselves, make laws, elect our own legislature, executive and judicial officers, and be instructed how to do these things, and that we be given a charter defining these rights and duties;

That we may be taught, day by day, the rights and duties of citizenship, and the spirit of equality, justice, and kindness, on which they are based;

That our teachers, as they train us to be independent in the solving of mathematical problems, shall train us to deal in the same way with the civic and social problems which arise daily in our midst.

We ask this most especially for these two reasons: First, that we may enjoy at the present time the pleasure and all the advantages of true democracy, and at once begin active service for the welfare of ourselves, our schools, our community, and our country; and second, that we may be fully prepared, and in the habit of performing our civic duties, when we arrive at the age of twenty-one years and come into our full heritage of adult citizenship.

For Spring YOUTH will enjoy NEW THINGS in FOOTWEAR

Plaited Color
Combinations
from \$9



White Tan Red
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White or Tan
*BILT-LITE SOLE
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*Registered

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League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, Manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

A Good Citizen

1. I read a story of Washington's boyhood.
2. I read a personal anecdote of Washington's manhood.
3. I read a story of Lincoln's boyhood.
4. I read a personal anecdote of Lincoln's manhood.
5. I memorized a Washington saying.
6. I memorized a Lincoln saying.
7. I read or listened to a part of Washington's farewell speech.
8. I read or listened to Lincoln's Gettysburg address.
9. I took a picture of Washington to school.
10. I took a picture of Lincoln to school.
11. I hung out a flag on February 12th.
12. I hung out a flag on February 22nd.
13. I took part in a Washington or Lincoln birthday program.
14. I memorized a patriotic poem.
15. I memorized "The Star Spangled Banner."
16. I learned the rules for caring for the flag.
17. I gave a little flag to a child who had none.
18. I learned the names of our president, governor and mayor.
19. I read a portion of the Constitution.
20. I memorized the thirteenth amendment.
21. I read Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.
22. I visited a soldier's hospital.
23. I sent a valentine to a needy child.
24. I learned to distinguish the flags of several nations besides my own.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 250 points during twelve consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your February list of good deeds in time to reach us by March 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll.

Honor Roll for November

The following members received twenty-five or more honor points during November:

Edna Baker	Eari Hollister	Verna Peck
Martha Baker	Ruth Holtorf	Ethel E. Pierson
Roy Baker	Carl Hostetler	Alice Pohlman
Adolphus Ballantyne	Gordon Hostetler	Genevieve Reed
Hasel Balleit	Paul Howbaker	Carl Rosenbaum
Arthur L. Barnes	Velma Johnson	Augusta Schencky
Helen Basford	Dorothy Kanis	Dorothy Schold
Charles Beard	Viola Kanis	Raymond Schold
Charlotte Beard	Helen Kisiel	Elaine Schuelke
Julius Black	Katherine Kisiel	Marjorie Sennett
Iva Blood	Corenne Lake	Leonard Shockey
Robert Blood	Edna Landis	Pearl Shockey
Wayne Bowman	Lucile Lebar	Roy Shockey
Margaret Brewer	Pauline Leighton	Verda Shockey
Lavinia Briggs	Genevieve Lewis	Vivian Short
Dorothy Buckley	Leuetta Lutz	Harley Shotliff
Raymond Cahill	Maxine McCullum	Maxwell Small
Elna Caldwell	Fern McDougall	Hazel Snyder
Joseph Cavell	Harold Maleki	Mary Snyder
Natalino Checcone	Emma Manfreda	Ernestine K. Steffen
George R. Childress	Iohanna Manfreda	Ruth Stewart
Mardell Coburn	Ruby Memler	Billy Stoltz
Caroline Corridoni	Eleanor Meyer	Hilbert Stoltz
Joseph Corridoni	Elbert Miller	Whitney Stuart
Jeanette Dickason	Gladys Miller	Joe Towner
Virginia Dolbear	Donna Morris	Wallace Vance
Maxine Elliott	Eileen Mosier	Orville Wagner
Catherine Flitter	Marjorie Murdock	Mary C. Walborn
Harold Gauger	Edgar Murry	Margaret Waters
Robert Gift	Ruth Nelson	Ralph Watters
Violet Gitloff	Gertrude Nett	La Rue West
Betty Glew	Gwendolyn Newell	Susan Whalen
Eleanor Gregory	Roy Newman	Anna Williams
Harvey Grieger	Melvern Orton	Gladys Witmer
Mary Hart	Glen Pace	James Woodson
Helen Hawks	Verne Pace	Edna Yutzy
Lois Herbeck	Alvin Pagel	Wilbur Yutzy
Ruben Hintergardt	William Pearson	Katherine E. Zeis



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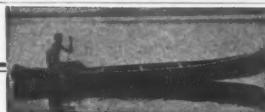
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JUST AROUND OUR CORNER

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

The first day she moves from New York into her new home at Cedarcrest, a New England village, Alma Burton feels rather strange. She goes out, and sits on the back fence, looking next door at a queer-looking house and garden, occupied by two prim old ladies, and around the corner at a mussed-up jolly back yard belonging to a whole family of happy-go-lucky children. A ten-year-old boy, who looks like a cherub but doesn't act like one, comes over and introduces himself as Angel Moffat—alias Theodore. He tells her about his little brothers, nicknamed Castor and Pollox, about twelve-year-old Alice Ann, who makes so much brown sugar candy that they call her Penochchia, about his tidy big sister they call Pearline, and about Miss Phoebe and Miss Euphemia Cady. The last two are Alma's prim neighbors next door whom nobody seems to know, whose stone fountain Angel calls Skeezix and is fond of bombarding, and whose home seems to be wrapped in mystery. "Nobody ever goes there," he says, "or is allowed to go into the house if they do." While they are talking together, a laughing curly-haired girl of Alma's own age comes over and holds out a sticky, welcoming hand. And Alma somehow knows right away that she and Penochchia are going to be friends. Pretty soon they begin talking about the mystery connected with the strange old ladies next door. Why are they so unneighborly looking? Why will they never leave the house together except one day a year? Not a desire to pry, but a real desire to help makes the girls start their secret H. T. C. C.—Help the Cadys Club. That very afternoon they see Miss Euphemia and Miss Phoebe tottering along in a frightened way and feel they are in more trouble. And that very night Alma wakens and sees two heavily veiled women come from the Cady home, tiptoe down the walk and out of their gate, then slip away down the street in the darkness and disappear. The next day they return, but this is not the end of the mystery. That same night Alma is awakened by a terrible racket which

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded Up House," "Melissa-Across-the-Fence," "The Girl Next Door," "When a Cobbler Ruled a King," etc.

proves to be a machine that has stopped in front of the Cady house. The girls begin wearing badges on which are embroidered the letters H. T. C. C. and Angel's curiosity is aroused. But they soon forget his teasing when they happen to read the "personals" among the classified advertisements of a New York newspaper, which asks for information about Euphemia, Phoebe and Shirley Cady.

The message was signed Philo.

While the girls are puzzling over this, Angel accidentally reads it too, and becomes a very active member of the club. Tucked in the center of a bunch of wild flowers they send the "personal" to the Cady sisters. Then Miss Euphemia goes to New York alone and Miss Phoebe is found in her garden alone, suffering from some severe shock. When the girls help her to her door, they are astonished to discover jackstones rolling from her pocket. Miss Phoebe, although she does not invite her into the house, lets Alma run errands for her, and puzzles her by ordering such things as peppermint sticks and pinwheel paper! On the fourth day Alma sees a hand in one of the Cady windows beckoning frantically to her, and pointing towards the kitchen door. This door opens wide at her knock and Alma nearly falls backward off the steps at what she sees within. For it is not Miss Phoebe who answers that knock. Nor is it Miss Euphemia!



CHAPTER V WHO OPENED THE DOOR

THE door opened wide and I could look straight into the kitchen. Apparently there was no one there—certainly no one seemed to be standing by the door. How it had opened was a mystery. But in another minute a dark head of curly hair and a pair of

bright black eyes appeared from around the back of the door and a voice said,

"Hadn't you better come in out of the rain?"

"But—but do they—want me?" I stuttered, trying to close my umbrella which stuck dreadfully.

"Want you—why shouldn't we?" the voice demanded.

I'd got my umbrella down by that time, so I stepped inside the door, leaving it out on the steps. And when I'd got in, the door gave a slam as if someone had given it a hard push. And there, back of the door, was the prettiest little girl I'd seen in many a long day. She had soft, dark, silky curls and merry dark brown eyes, and the sweetest smile. She seemed to be just a little younger than Penoochia and me.

"Who—who are you?" I couldn't help but stammer, quite impolitely, I'm afraid. But the girl only smiled and answered:

"I'm Shirley—Brown. At least, I s'pose that's my last name. Are you the little girl that has been doing the errands?"

I said yes, I was, and asked whether anything was the matter with Miss Phoebe. For I was sure now that *something* must be wrong, or I would never have been allowed in the house in this fashion. So I wasn't surprised when she answered:

"Oh, poor Aunt Phoebe! She couldn't get up at all this morning. She's feeling awfully miserable about something—I don't just know what—and says she had better stay in bed to-day. She told me to get hold of you somehow, and ask you if you'd come in and help me do a few things."

I was so full of astonishment at all she'd told me that I forgot even to answer. "Aunt Phoebe," was it? Then this Shirley must be their niece. And why had she said she "supposed" her last name was Brown? Didn't she *know*? It all seemed very strange!

"I hope you don't mind—our asking you in." Shirley said at last, sort of doubtfully. And then,

for the first time, I realized that I hadn't even answered her question.

"Oh, no, I'm awfully glad to come—and help if I can!" I declared. "What—what does Miss Phoebe want me to do?"

"She wants you to come upstairs to her bedroom and see her, first of all, and I'm to stay down here while you do it," said Shirley.

"But where is it? I don't even know where to find it," I cried, scared to pieces somehow at the idea of prowling around that queer old Cady house by myself.

"I'll tell you just where to find it. You can't miss it," answered Shirley starting for the door and bidding me to follow her. She led me through the kitchen and a pantry and another room that must have been the dining room and out into a hall and to the foot of the stairs. The place seemed filled with very old, queer sort of furniture, not very like what we use nowadays, but I didn't have time to notice much about it just then. I was too worried about what was going to happen when I met Miss Phoebe.

"Go right upstairs," Shirley directed me, "and walk straight ahead of you to the door that faces you at the end of the hall. You can't make a mistake, for there isn't any other door just there."

I went upstairs with my knees feeling as if they were going all limp, and wishing madly that I had Penoochia with me. She wouldn't have been a bit worried, I felt sure, though why I was, I couldn't explain, even to myself. It all seemed sort of queer and weird and—and different, somehow.

When I got to the room I knocked softly, and a voice said, "Who is it?" and I answered that it was Alma Burton, and did anyone want to see me.

After what seemed a long time the voice said, "Come in then!" and I opened the door and walked in. It was a very queer sight I saw in that room. It made me want to giggle and at the same time it



made me feel sort of sad and sorry for the poor old lady. Miss Phoebe was half sitting up in a great four-poster bed. She had on a funny nightcap with a lace frill around it and tied under the chin with muslin strings. I've seen pictures of things like that in some old books that Daddy has. For a moment she didn't speak at all but only sort of glared at me as if the whole thing were my fault, somehow. Then she said:

"Come here, Alma Burton, and stand in front of me." I went over to the bed and stood there with my knees shaking under me. I don't know why in the world I was so scared, but she made me feel all the time as if I'd done something wrong and was going to be punished for it.

"Now, Alma Burton," she went on, "listen attentively to what I say and try to follow my directions as exactly as you can. There has been a very unfortunate occurrence here during the past few days. I hardly—er—know how to explain it. My sister left here—very unexpectedly—three days ago, without—er—explaining her reasons for going or her—her destination and I have not—um—heard from her since. I am greatly upset; in fact, I am completely prostrated by it. I fear harm has come to her. She is not very strong. And there are also other—er—complications.

There is a child here—er—visiting us. She is unacquainted with the house or the—um—conditions, and quite unfit to do all that—er—ought to be done—for me and for herself. Since you have been so kind as to—er—offer to run some errands for us lately, I have ventured to send for you this morning and make another request. Now tell me something—quite truthfully. How many people have you told that you have been doing the errands for us lately?"

"No one but Penochia and Angel," I declared.

"Penochia? Angel?" said Miss Phoebe. "Explain yourself, child!"

"Oh, I forgot that you probably didn't know those

names," I hurried to explain very meekly. "I mean Alice Ann Moffat, the little girl who lives the other side of you, and her brother, Theodore. We spoke to him about you and he was the one who suggested that I offer to help you get the errands done."

"Oh, he did, did he?" exclaimed Miss Phoebe, evidently in surprise. "I wouldn't have suspected that young—*rascal* of anything so thoughtful."

"Yes, he's a very nice boy when you get to know him," I declared, but Miss Phoebe only said, "Humph!" and sat very still thinking for a minute or two. Then she went on,

"I am relieved at least that this—er—this unfortunate affair has not been—um—discussed any further than you say. If that is the case I might consider—er—allowing something I would not have dreamed of consenting to under—other—um—other circumstances. There are a certain number of things that have to be done. Neither of us here has yet had any meals to-day. I do not wish to call anyone else in. Do you think it would be possible for you to bring me up some milk and some tea or cook a little—er—porridge for the child, Shirley? I am quite worried about her."

"Oh, I'll be just delighted to do anything I can, Miss Phoebe," I cried. "I'll run around all day and bring you anything you say. But I don't know how to cook anything—not even porridge. But I have a lovely idea. Penochia—I mean Alice Ann—knows how to cook a lot of things. She makes wonderful candy, too. If you will let me ask her to come in,

she will help a lot and do much more than I can. She'll be very good and quiet, I know, and if there's anything hard to do, like bringing up coal for the kitchen fire, or that sort of thing, her brother Ang—er—Theodore would be glad to help out, too. They won't say a word outside about it, and I know you can trust them just the same as me."

Miss Phoebe had shaken her head violently when I mentioned the other two, but when I had finished





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she sat a long time quietly and was evidently thinking it over.

"I don't like it—don't like it at all!" she said at last. "But I suppose in a case of necessity like this, I cannot choose but submit. Ask them in if you must, but keep them out of my sight, especially *that boy*. He has been the pest of my life for years. I cannot imagine him reforming in any way whatever. You must not, on any account, allow him up here."

And so it turned out—of all the most unthought-of things that ever happened—that Penochia and Angel and I were all admitted to that house of mystery that we'd been wondering and thinking about, and never had dreamed of entering so much as the front yard. When Miss Phoebe had given me directions about what to bring her up to eat, and what to get for Shirley, I went downstairs and started in on my tasks.

At the foot of the stairs I met Shirley who was full of curiosity to know what Miss Phoebe had said to me and what I was to do. And when I'd told her she said:

"Well, this is the first I knew about what has become of Aunt Euphemia. She disappeared the other day and Aunt Phoebe wouldn't tell me a thing. She wouldn't even admit she was worrying about her. It's too bad Mrs. Simmons never taught me how to cook or do any housework. I was always too busy going to school."

"Who was Mrs. Simmons?" I asked, and she said it was the woman with whom she had always lived ever since she could remember.

"Didn't you ever visit your aunts before?" I demanded.

"Never saw them before in my life till the other day, when they came to Mrs. Simmons and said they were going to take me away to live with them. Never knew I had any aunts—or any relations at all!" was her astonishing reply.

I was just too surprised at all this to know what to say. I wanted to ask about twenty questions but I remembered that Miss Phoebe had told me to hurry, so I didn't dare take the time. I told her that Miss Phoebe had said she'd better stay in her room till I'd brought her up some breakfast and that I was going out to get another little girl to come in and help and that perhaps we could have a good time later. She said she'd go if I'd surely promise to bring the other girl up to her room.

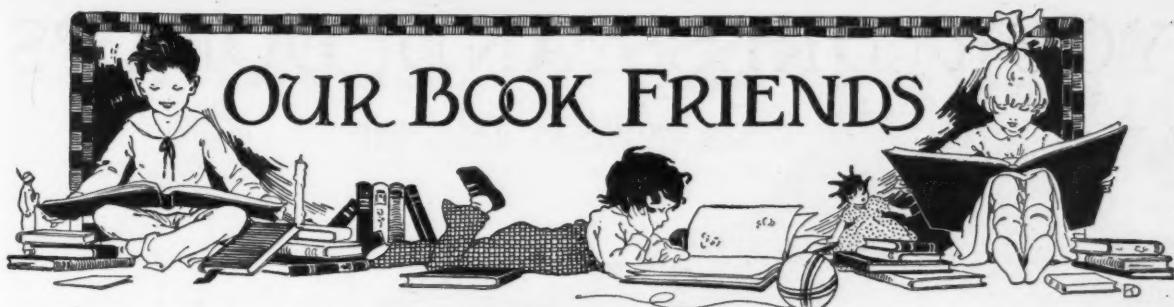
So I went out into the rain to fetch Angel and Penochia, almost too bewildered by what had happened to explain to them what it was all about

(To be Continued)

SNOW

HELEN WING

TO-DAY the north wind shakes the clouds
And sends the fluttering feathers down,
So every tree upon the hill
Can have a milk-white wedding gown;
Like brides they stand with modest grace
Wearing their veils of snowy lace.



By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

*Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present Librarian, Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California*

THOSE of you who have read *Rain On the Roof* will remember the stonemason and what he thought of those adventurers who, dreaming their dreams, launched into bold voyages. He saw that with knowledge of the New World would come not only strange tales but events so marvelous that the Old World would awaken and rub its eyes. And how true ring Mr. John's words when he says, "You can't look into the past to find out about old ships without stumbling over stories of every kind."

The Boys' Book of Ships is itself full of romance and adventure. Not only does it set us right about Columbus' ships but it stirs us to know more of rugged men and the boats in which they sailed. *The Voyagers* by Padraic Colum will give you tales, true and fanciful, of Atlantic discovery. With these you will read one of the most attractive books ever written—Synge's *Book of Discovery*—and a newer title called *The Young Folks' Book of Discovery* by T. C. Bridges.

Any boy or girl who enjoys strange and perilous situations will be stirred by *Tony of the Iron Hand*. Captured by the Black Rover and smuggled aboard a ship bound for New France, a ten-year-old lad finds himself serving as a cabin boy to the captain. Among the strange motley of folk going to a new and unfettered land is Father Hennepin and Seigneur Robert de la Salle. In the new wilderness, where they all go, the boy learns to know them. And it is in the wilderness that Jean, through his own bravery, wins the admiration and friendship of Tony whom the Iroquois called "Hand of Death." Any girl who likes a lively story will find her way to *Mistress Madcap* of Revolutionary days. Another story you'll like is about the Old West and a little girl called *Cricket*.

No matter where we travel among our book friends we find real reminders of past times in which adventure and the love of freedom were quite as much alive as they are among men and women of our own time. It is not by accident that we have beautiful new editions of *The Three Musketeers* or of *The Red Badge of Courage* or that *Les Misérables* and *The Littlest Rebel* should come just now in inviting and attractive books. In them are brave deeds and momentous days in which men and nations have been made.

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Tales of A Grandfather - - - - -	Sir Walter Scott
FREDERICK A. STOKES, NEW YORK	
Three Musketeers - - - - -	Alexandre Dumas
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO	
Tony of the Iron Hand - - - - -	Everett McNeil
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK	
The Voyagers - - - - -	Padraic Colum
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK	
With the Indians in the Rockies - - - - -	James W. Schultz
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN & COMPANY, NEW YORK	
Young Folks' Book of Discovery - - - - -	T. C. Bridges
LITTLE BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON	

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns



D R I G G S

THE paper-doll baby is so excited about her first Valentine day that you are going to have a hard time dressing her for the baby party. Do not take her valentines away or she will cry and make her little nose all red, and she must look like a real, live valentine when she is ready.

First, put on the frilly little dress and crêpe de Chine jacket. She looks just like Cupid in this, with those cute little bows on each shoulder. The jacket may be made with low neck or high neck, and with long or short sleeves.

Then put on her coat with cunning rosettes for buttons, and embroidered collars and cuffs, and last her bonnet with a tiny wreath of flowers around the front of it. Be careful not to get

it over one eye, for the paper-doll baby likes to see everything. Now doesn't she look just like a real valentine? CHILD LIFE has patterns for these cunning baby things, so that all babies may have them as well as the paper-dolls.

Pattern No. 5127, one size, 6 months, coat and bonnet.

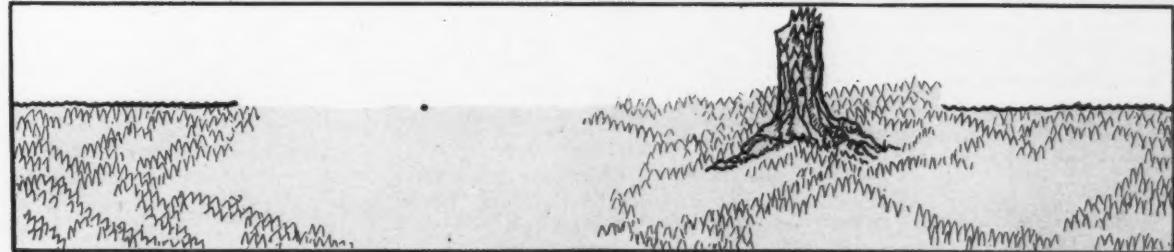
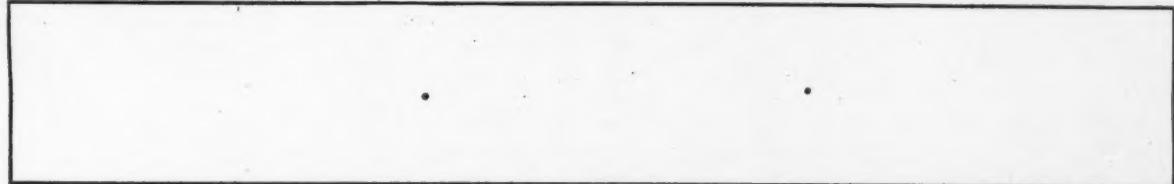
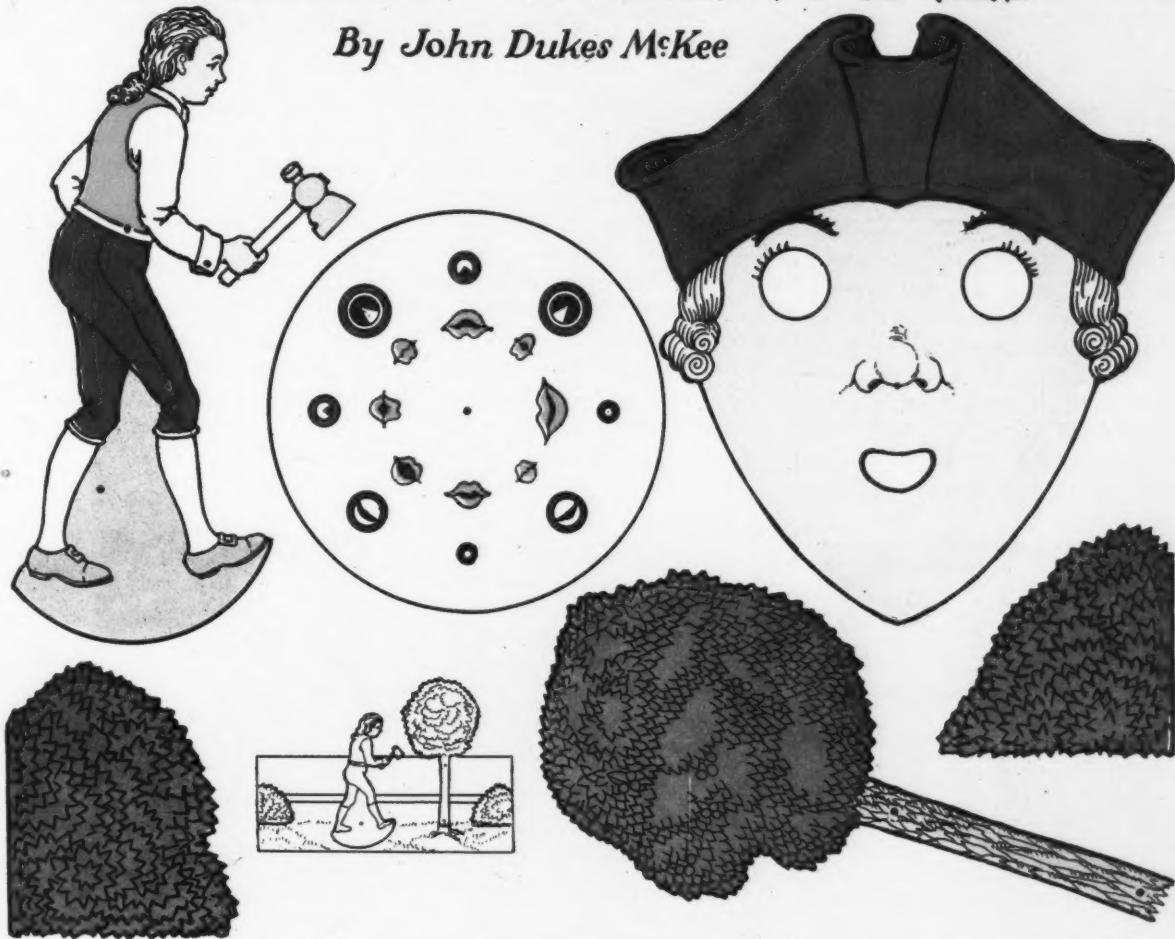
Pattern No. 4825, one size, 6 months, slip, dress, jacket, and bonnet.

All patterns are 20 cents each.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask if she send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

HEROIC VALENTINES

By John Dukes McKee



DIRECTIONS

MOUNT the whole sheet, except the bushes, on strong cardboard. To make the Heart, make the eyes and mouth in the face and make the circular disk. Place disk behind the face, and put a pin through the black dot on the nose, and through the black dot in the center of the disk. Bend the pin so the disk will not come off. Move the disk slowly around and the eyes and mouth change expressions.

To make George and the Cherry Tree, make the top and bottom strips. Make George and the Tree. Paste the bushes on the heavy black lines shown on the bottom strip. Put a pin through the dot in

George's waist band, and through the dot on the left side of the top strip. Do the same with dot in the top part of the tree trunk. Put a pin through the dot in the base of the trunk and in the dot on the stump. Put another pin through the dot near George's left leg and then through the last dot. When finished the toy should look like the sketch.

Hold the bottom piece with the left hand, and the top piece with the right. Pull right hand slowly away from left hand, and George will chop down the Cherry Tree with one blow of his new hatchet.

THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

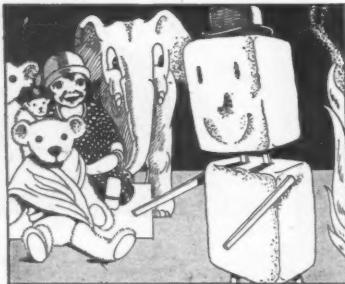
By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

MARSHMALLOW MAN TOASTED AT BANQUET

Mr. Oozy Mishmush is a marshmallow. He has a marshmallow head and a marshmallow middle. His right leg is very literally a toothpick, as is also his left leg. His left arm consists of the same article which constitutes his right leg, and his right wing is the same as his left leg, which is a very needless way of saying that Mr. Oozy Mishmush's arms and legs are toothpicks. For shoes he wears a



pair of number eleven purple jellybeans, with gumdrop heels.

Oozy has a unique piece of compound anatomy—a north neck and a south neck—both toothpicks, again! Whoever made Mr. Mishmush evidently thought one lonesome neck too wobbly, so the quantity was doubled. As a result, Oozy cannot indicate "No" by shaking his head. He is forced by his neck to agree to everything. Some of the toys with mean dispositions like to tease Oozy. The other day a diamond-eyed monkey politely said to the marshmallow, "Would you like us to kick you out of here?"

"Yes," nodded Oozy sweetly, meaning "No" with all his nose, of course, causing even the most polite dolly to smile.

We are writing so much about Oozy because yesterday was his birthday. Even marshmallows have birthdays, you know; we know some that are very old. Every toy in the village and his rubbers

were gathered in Oozy's back yard, for they never could have entered Oozy's cozy, crazy cough-drop box. Shredded eraser sandwiches with toothpaste dressing were served around a jolly fire which was built in the middle of the yard. When everyone had finished eating, a monkey-cheer leader led the crowd in this most inspiring howl:

"Foozy, yoozy,
Woozy, zooty;
WHO'S 'E?
OOZY!"

Wild, woolly cheering followed, and Mr. Oozy Mishmush stood with his back to the fire to respond politely. He stood there for some minutes before quiet was restored, and finally began.

"My dear friends—"

"Look at your back!" interrupted a horse in a startled voice. Mr. Mishmush turned around quickly and faced the fire to look at his back. He looked a long while without finding it.

"My dear friends—" he resumed, turning around.

"Look at your front!" screamed everyone. A doll's mirror was rushed forward with much commotion, and Mr. Mishmush was indeed a startled marshmallow to find himself toasted a rich brown by the gay fire. Of course, there was much laughter and surprise among the crowd of toys.

"Do you like your new color?" asked the monkey cheer leader, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes!" nodded Mr. Mishmush with his north and south necks; but he really meant it this time, for a new suit was the very thing he wanted for his birthday.

LOST AND FOUND

Lost—My father and mother and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and grandfather and grandmother. Please return them to Teddy Toodeldoodle, 1001 Sizzlesnizzle Street, Toytown.

Found—My father and mother and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and grandfather and grandmother.

Teddy Toodeldoodle.
1001 Sizzlesnizzle Street, Toytown

PENELOPE McPEANUTS GETS MOST VALENTINES

There is not a single toy in Toytown that did not receive a valentine on the proper day this year from one of his admiring friends. Even the stuffed monkeys received



love notes, which is most unusual, for who would send a valentine to a monkey? A tin horse with a sky-blue tail told the Tattler that he was certain the monkeys sent the valentines to themselves,

A saucer-eyed and saucy-nosed dolly named Penelope McPeanuts is evidently the most popular candy kid in the district, for she received no less than eighty-five and a half valentines. The half was signed by Bozo Bizzity, a plaster hippopotamus. A dolly named Iggabel Tickeltoes also received half a valentine signed by Bozo Bizzity, so it doesn't take long to figure out that Mr. Bizzity could afford only one valentine and, having two lady-loves, tore his paper heart in two.

One of the most tender verses received came from a soulful monkey with a heart as soft as tissue paper. Here is his message:

"Noses are red,
Violets are blue;
Sugar is sweet,
And so is molasses!"

WHAT IS LEADERSHIP?

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

"ISN'T she a darling?" exclaimed Mrs. Kramer proudly, "so pretty and sweet and adorable!" Dramatically, she threw her arms around her little daughter and drew her to the front of the group where, it could easily be seen, the child felt very much at home. "I just tell Genevieve every day of the world that she is the most adorable child that ever lived! Did you ever see anyone who looked so pretty in a costume?"

Ten-year-old Genevieve responded as though the remark was a cue to which she was well trained in response. She smirked and smiled and curtsied as though to an admiring audience—all with a perfection of mannerism that fairly shrieked rehearsal.

"And do you know," continued Mrs. Kramer, blandly ignoring the fact that it was a monologue, not a conversation, in which she was indulging, "some of the committee actually thought that little Blanden girl could take the title role in this play! Just as though she could compare with Genevieve for beauty or grace! Genevieve has been a leader from the day she first sat up in her little cart. She's just born for the limelight—you can see that!"

A call from the stage interrupted just then, to the obvious relief of the bored listeners. Each scurried to her particular duty and the annual play for the benefit of the School Outfitting Fund went on, with Genevieve taking the spotlight as she had for the past three years.

At a morning meeting a few days later, the committee checked over various points of success or failure of their performance, with an eye to guiding next year's entertainment by the lessons of this year's experience. Suddenly Mrs. Walton, the chairman, asked a question that had been lurking in every woman's mind.

"I wish you'd tell me," she said impulsively, "why it is we always give the biggest part to Genevieve Kramer? Not but she is pretty—she is that. But she is such a painfully unnatural child that I think we do wrong to put her before the public. Goodness knows, she's put there often enough without our aiding and abetting such a piece of business."

"It's her mother makes us," said Mrs. Jackson, the secretary. "Mrs. Kramer will always get the most beautiful costumes at her own expense. She will spend endless hours training Genevieve to perfection in her part, and she has such a firm conviction that her child is a born leader that I guess none of us ever thought to dispute it."

"A born leader," quoted Mrs. Walton. "I wonder what 'a born leader' really is? Somehow I cannot seem to see pampered, spoiled, selfish little Genevieve in that role. Rather does she seem a puppet on a string pulled by a selfish mother, who, failing the limelight for herself, pushes her child into it. And we are not so guiltless when we help her do it. Even if we grant to Genevieve all the prettiness and grace her mother claims for her, is she the *only* child in town who has such qualities? 'A born leader,' indeed!"

She strolled over to the window and stood staring for a minute, while the others sat in stunned silence caused by such unusual frankness.

Suddenly Mrs. Walton spoke again. "Come to the window, girls, and tell me who is the leader of this group out here." The four members of the committee, old friends all of them, hurried to the window at the unexpected request and eyed a group of playing children with keen interest.

"That boy over there in the blue suit looks the part to my notion," suggested Mrs. Jackson, as she pointed to a lad who was in the center of the group.

"Wait and see," was Mrs. Walton's cryptic reply. Silently they watched at that window.

"I don't believe it's that boy in blue at all," said Mrs. Wallace presently. "I believe it's that lad over on the side. See how he maneuvered to get those newcomers into the game. And there, now See how they all run to him to settle some dispute Doesn't that indicate that they have learned he has judgment and fairness."

"But he hasn't the dash and manner of the other lad," objected Mrs. Jackson.

"Exactly as in real life," agreed Mrs. Walton, as she went back to her chair. "I've many times watched those children play, and always it's the quiet boy in the background that they turn to when they need real leadership. He doesn't seem cast for the star role, I grant you. But look at the heroes of history—where do you find a man or woman who was a real leader, who also had the superficial qualities of leadership that too often claim early attention? Rather did they have qualities of modesty, friendliness, and kindly consideration for the rights and abilities of others. At an early date they were hardworking and dependable, early laying the foundation for the great character that later emerged. Too much limelight, given too soon, shrivels the very qualities we would like to foster."

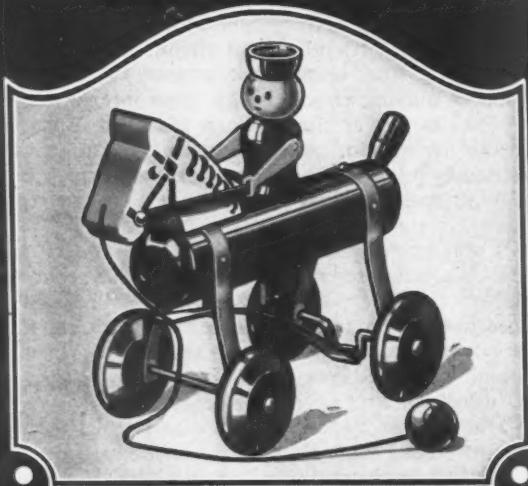
"Then do you mean that we shouldn't have plays and let children act?" asked Mrs. Jackson.

"Dear me, no!" laughed Mrs. Walton, "nothing so bad as that! I mean we should do our own thinking about leadership. I mean we should study to recognize the abilities of all the children in our group rather than let one child monopolize all our attention, that in fairness to all we should spread both honors and responsibilities. You see, I happen to be a friend of Genevieve's. I know what a dear child she was until this heroine idea of her mother's began to spoil her. I'm thinking of Genevieve, first of all."

"Leaders are born, not made," she added, "and you can't keep a real leader down. But you can spoil many a nice child by giving exaggerated ideas of their importance."

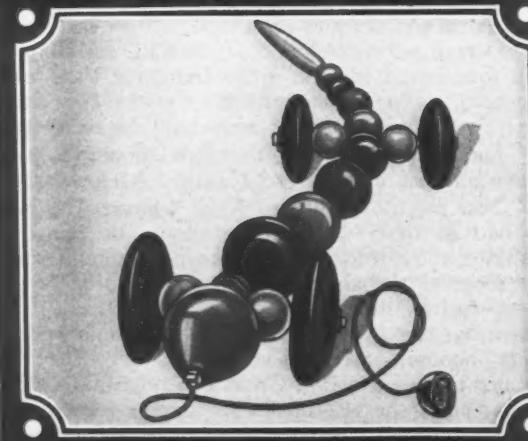
"You're right," approved Mrs. Wallace. "And I move you, Madam Chairman, that next year we give a pageant with a chance for every child in our group. It will be an interesting change, and we'll have an opportunity to see where our real leaders are as we observe which children feel responsibilities to us and to their work."

CHILDREN Entertain Themselves with TINKER TOYS



PONY TINKER

A galloping rollicking Cow-Boy who plays with the Kiddies for all he's worth



DRAG-ON TINKER

*A Fairy Tale Dragon that delights Little Jots with bright colors and queer antics.
2 of the 20 Irresistible Toys*

Made by

THE TOY TINKERS INC.
EVANSTON ILLINOIS

THE WEEPING CANDLES

(Continued from page 93)

raced on, plunged into the water.

And Pete, the strangeness of it, had lost his fear, now that the animal was so close. Indeed Pete was clinging to the long white fur as the animal swam toward solid ice. The animal was just a big white collie dog!

Phil was there to lend a helping hand.

"Come back to the boat Pete," cried Phil. "My, but I'm glad that you're safe!"

Pete shivered. "Aren't you mad?"

"Aw, that was all very silly! But the dog! Why Mary seems to know him!"

Know the dog? Mary most certainly did!

"I'm sure this is Snowboy! Peter, don't you remember the white collie pup which we lost, when on that camping trip a summer ago? I suppose Snowboy has been living in the woods ever since!"

Snowboy barked joyously, and Betty smiled.

"Those candles won't have to weep any more!"

"True, they won't," agreed Phil. "I've been thinking that you put them too close to the stove." Then Phil looked back at Mary busy with Snowboy some distance behind. "Those candlesticks, Betty, are hollow, for they were screwed on a mantle of an old ship before Pete and I got them. We corked up the bottoms and stored our money inside. We were saving to buy Mary two presents for her birthday next week. I got peeved because Pete collected more pennies than I did!"

"They can straighten up and smile," declared Pete. "We can put our money together and buy Mary a collar for Snowboy!"



A BOY SCOUT TO HIS MOTHER

MAY WILLIAMS WARD

SCOUTS are taught the very things
Mothers like them to do.
I don't know where you learned them,
But you are a good scout, too!



Do Your Children Ever Make You Nervous?

After a rainy day shut in, or after a Sunday's visiting are your nerves worn to a frazzle? Are the Children Perverse, Contrary, Unmanageable? Do you ever feel as though you couldn't stand it another minute?

WOULD you like to be able to manage your children easily and quietly, without constant "don'ts" and threats of punishment? Would you like to know how to win the child's cooperation, to get him or her always to obey quickly?

Recently there has been developed a system of child training which is founded upon the latest principles endorsed by leading national authorities. It accomplishes results never dreamed of by the average parent—results which forever banish disobedience, willfulness and untruthfulness with their consequent worry, strain and nervous fatigue.

An Amazing Change

Under the new system even children who have been positively unmanageable become obedient and willing, and such traits as bashfulness, jealousy, fear and bragging are overcome.

Instead of an unpleasant duty, a nerve racking task, child training becomes a genuine pleasure. The parent shares every confidence, joy and sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its respect and obedience.

Due to an Entirely New Method

The founder of this new system is Prof. Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia), who has written a complete course in Practical Child Training. This course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigations and wide practical experience, and provides a well worked out plan which the parent can easily follow.

Full Information Costs only a Stamp

We shall be glad to send you free of charge, our new booklet, "New Methods in Child Training," together with full particulars of the work of the Association and the special benefits it offers to members.

If this booklet answers a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it. It is showing thousands of sincere American mothers the easy and right way to train their children. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a post card.

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION
Dept. 962.
Pleasant Hill, Ohio

**The Parents Association,
Dept. 952, Pleasant Hill, Ohio**

Please send me your booklet, "New Methods in Child Training," and information about the Parents Association, free of charge. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Check this square if you would also like to receive full information about the Beery Educational Playbox, an amazing New Kind of Play.

DEAR MISS WALDO:

I like CHILD LIFE.

It is the first time I ever read it and it is very interesting. I like "Little David's Big Giant" the best.

I live in Chicago and in the summer we have a hotel in Michigan. The lake is right in front of us and I go in swimming every day.

Yours truly,

CHARLOTTE T. JACOBSEN
Age 10. Chicago, Ill.



CHARLOTTE JACOBSEN AND SISTER

DEAR MISS WALDO:

I get CHILD LIFE every month and think it is fine. I have told other children about it and they get it, too, and I know they love it as much as I do.

I am working the puzzles and I hope I will get the prize. I would like to join the Joy Givers' Club, so will you please send me a membership card?

I live on a large farm in Virginia. I have a collie whose name is Jack, fourteen cats, and there are, of course, cattle, horses, etc. on the farm. My daddy owns a large military academy, the Augusta Military Academy. In the winter I have a fine time watching the cadets drill, play ball and do many other things.

I go to school, Stuart Hall, about nine miles from Fort Defiance where I live, and I am in the seventh grade.

Fort Defiance got its name from an old stone fort. It is about two blocks long. This fort has a very interesting history. It was built in 1740. It is the oldest fort in Virginia. The men and women carried rock and stone to build it. It was built to protect the people from Indians, but now it has been made into a church to which I go every Sunday.

Sincerely yours,

VIRGINIA HILTON ROLLER,
Age 11. Fort Defiance, Va.

BOBBIE BUSTER

Bobbie Buster lived in a big house at the edge of a forest, with his mother and his daddy. He was a happy little boy. But one day Bobbie got lonesome. "I'll go for a walk in the forest," he said. So he went off. Whenever Bobbie was lonesome he would go to the forest.

Now, Bobbie had been through the forest many times and had seen almost everything in it.

He noticed a big tree right in the middle of the road. He had never seen it before. "What a queer tree," he cried. It was indeed a queer tree. There were little windows all around. The shutters were made of candy. The doors were made of chocolate and bolted with a stick of candy. The roof, made of sugar, sparkled like diamonds in the sun.

He knocked at the door. No one came, so he went in.

Inside was a table and two chairs, a bed of straw, and some flowers with candy stems, chewing gum, roots and peppermint leaves. The centers of the flowers were gumballs and the petals jelly beans. Bobbie sat down on the chair by the table. There was a stick of candy on the table.

He was just about to eat it when the door opened. There stood a saw-horse. He looked like a horse. He had two eyes, a nose and a mouth. His tail was a twig from a tree and one of his legs were broken.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I'm Bobbie Buster," said Bobbie. "Who are you?" "I'm the wooden saw-horse," said he, "but people call me Stripes. I broke my leg and I can hardly walk. If I'd eat some of that peppermint it would cure my leg."

Bobbie pulled a peppermint leaf. Stripes ate it. Then Stripes said, "You are a good little boy." He filled Bobbie's pockets with candy. Then he said, "It is getting dark, you had better go home."

Stripes took him home. They went high in the air.

All of a sudden he fell down; down he went. Thump—he hit the ground.

He rubbed his eyes. He had fallen out of the hammock. It had only been a dream

RUTH LARIMORE
Chillicothe, Ohio

SNOWFLAKE FAIRIES

Downy little people,
All dressed in white,
They light on the steeple
And stay all the night.

The wind is so cold
As it blows and sings
That the fairies fold
Their little white wings.

As white as pearls
They go to the ground;
They go with whirls
And there they are found!

ELEANOR JOYCE,
Hanover, N. H.

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

DECEMBER COLOR CONTEST

SOLUTION

Florida Manati, manatee or sea-cow. Color: blackish.

WINNERS

STELLA COLES KING, 200 Park Ave., La Grange, Ga., age 8.

ALICE LAWSON, 10 Oxford Road, Albany, N. Y., age 12.

WARREN BARRETT, 215 Nelson Ave., San Antonio, Texas, age 10.

RAYMOND HOWARD, West McHenry, Ill., age 10.

HONOR ROLL

Gretchen Abels
Alfred S. Alperin
Barbara Allan
John West Aldridge

Kathryn Bilbo
Verna R. Bond
Jean Boyd
Ruby Mae Betz

John S. Burgett
Mary Buxton

Marguerite Beard
Carolyn A. Bollinger

Barbara A. Bambach

Mary E. Bullington

Allen R. Black, Jr.

Rosemary Beatty

Rita J. Bayne

Robert Bonnett

Warren Barrett

Fred Burlew

Austin Conson, Jr.

Eleanor Campbell

Barbara Chandler

Harvey M. Cook

Doris Coler

Genevieve Crossman

Iona E. Cole

Virginia Case

Wilder Clapp

Richard C. DeLong

John Demrose

Mildred M. Dutt

Frank J. Driscoll, Jr.

Ann Delehanty

Mary Alice Eckert

Geni Eldridge

Betty Edwards

Margaret J. Freer

Shirley Fetterolf

Marian Ferguson

Edgar N. Greenbaum, Jr.

Paul Galbreath

Margaret Gerton

Selden Griffith

Frank O. Goodlett

Annie J. Graham

Constance Gjobye

Helen Garrison

Dorothy Graham

Walter P. Hutton

Raymond Howard

Pauline Huston

Katherine J. Hanford

Jeanette Holtze

Miriam Hall

Elizabeth Harvey

Donald Hanson

Peale Haldt

Lucene Heiser

Alvin Hibbard

Philip Hanson

Meredith Harris

Ruth Highberger

Virginia Heaps

Cecilia Johnson

Lucile Jensen

Elaine Johnson

Betty Ritchie Kerr
Ruth Krueger
Stella C. King
Clara Keppler
Wallace King
Lester Keene
Maybelle Kinnear
Thelma G. Keith

Pearle J. Lincoln
Olga Largon
Virginia Loud
Mary E. Layne
Alice Lawson
Beata Lamker
Olga Langensand

Lucille Moran
Donald Morris
Alice Musser
Harriette Meldrim
Junior Mealey
Mary B. McCall
Catherine McLarney

Ruby Nelson
Janette Nelson
Elizabeth H. O'Hara
Corine Pigg
Ruth Ponder

Margaret Rogers
Virginia Rexroth
Richard Reynolds
Phyllis Rose
Marion Russe

Mary Kuechler

Eleanor Ramsperger
Arnold Robinson
Marion C. Robie

Dorothy Race
Lynn Richards

Eugene L. Saenger
Marcia Siranahan
Barbara Sturman

Josephine Selby
Mary B. Schulmer

Hazel Shewmaker
Gerry Spaulding, Jr.

Ruth Sattre

Margaret Snow

Mildred Sparte

Mary F. Snively

Mary A. Thomas

Amelia Turner

Mary Turner

Billy L. Turner

Bonnevere Tomlinson

Josephine Vinson

Roland V. Wilson

John Wayman

Carroll Wurtz

Lewin Wickes, Jr.

John Worman

Nettie Willits

Dorothy Wilhelm

Claudia Winfrey

DEAR MISS WALDO:

This vacation I went to Redwood Lodge and it was very, very fine.

They had puppies and turkeys and the little turks climbed a mulberry tree. Every time the turkey heard a noise he said, "Gobble, gobble, gobble!"

I am six. Good-bye,

EDGAR BRYANT,
San Francisco, Calif.



MARY E. MACK

DEAR MISS WALDO:

I have a great desire to join the Joy Givers' Club and think the motto is perfectly beautiful.

I enjoyed "The Adventure of the Seven Keyholes" best of any story I have ever read in CHILD LIFE, and at school "Outdoor Sports" helped a lot as a decoration in our room, but the prettiest is "In Tulip Land."

I congratulate Lou Olive Mills for the dear letter she wrote in the June issue of CHILD LIFE and wish I could do as well. I don't live on a sandy plain as she does, but from her letter I judge we are the same sort of girls.

I am sending a picture of myself on my bicycle, which shows I'm a tomboy, but I also have good books and should also love a letter from a CHILD LIFE reader.

Your friend,
MARY E. MACK,
Waynesville, N. C.
Age 10.

HOW THE SPARROWS GOT THEIR CHIRP

One day a little mother sparrow sat on a bush trying to think up a name for her little boy sparrow. Pretty soon she said, "I know, we will call him Chirp." So she went to him and said, "I have decided your name and it is Chirp."

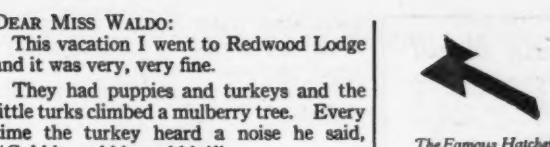
So the little sparrow went off saying, "Chirp, chirp, chirp." Soon all the other birds took it up as their language and that is how the sparrows got their chirp.

JOSEPHINE WHITE,
Age 10. Melrose Highlands, Mass.

THE ONEKA CAMPS

The Pennsylvania Camps for Girls

In the Pocono Mountains. Nineteenth season. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Sipple, Directors, 350 West Duval Street, Germantown, Pa.



The Famous Hatchet



Paul Revere

Lots of fun in February with

StromBecker

DIAMOBLOX

There's no end of fun every month in the year when you have Diamoblox. Get a set, play games, work puzzles, build designs, make pictures of many interesting subjects. And if you order your set before March 1st you'll get a cunning yellow Chatter Chix, free.

Diamoblox are beautiful, bright diamond-shaped blos—smooth and flat—in gay red, blue, green, brown, and yellow. Simply fas-ci-nating—never twice the same.

The book in the box tells you many interesting things to do with Diamoblox—and you can think out as many more. That's the charm of these gay Diamoblox. You make them talk in bright colored pictures and say what you want to say—write your initials, illusions, or patterns for a quilt.

Forty-eight fas-ci-nat-ing Diamoblox made of hard-wood, beautifully enameled on both sides, in every box. Also, every set includes an interesting book of instructions, color sheets of designs, and drawing paper for making up your own designs. And all this never-ending fun for one dollar!



Free

with every set of
Diamoblox

Ordered with the coupon, before March 1, 1926, this little StromBecker Chatter Chix.

Cute, isn't it? Bright yellow, with a beady black eye and adjustable head—loads of fun to play with and a fine addition to your animal collection. Be sure to send in your order before March 1, and get this cunning little yellow chick free—it's another one of the famous

StromBecker

PlayThings

Just pin \$1.00 bill to coupon and mail NOW.

STROMBECKER MFG. CO.

Dept. A-2, Moline, Ill.
Enclosed find \$... for which please send me prepaid... sets of Diamoblox. If not entirely satisfactory I may return them within five days and my money will be refunded.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....

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DEAR MISS WALDO:

My name is Dick. I got CHILD LIFE for my birthday. I like it.

I am sending you a picture of my sister and me.

With love,

DICK JONES,
Alhambra, Calif.



NORA JEANETTE AND DICK JONES

THE INVISIBLE CAP

Once there was a boy by the name of Jack, and he was going through the fields when two fairies ran out of a bush and said, "You have been such a good boy, Jack, that we want to give you this invisible cap. When you have it on no one can see you. And we also want to give you a ring which, when you do wrong, will prick you." Then the fairies were gone.

Jack was very happy and said, "I hope I am never bad, so the ring will not prick me."

Jack thought, as he had no mother and father, that he would go on an adventure. So he started out. He went to where the ships were and got on one going to India. And soon they started off.

When night came Jack looked all through the cabins and found only one vacant one; he was so tired that he soon was asleep. And all the time he had his invisible cap on and no one knew he was there.

The next morning when he got up it was raining and there was quite a storm on the sea. Soon he heard the breakfast gong and so he went to the dining room and forgot to put on his invisible cap. When the captain saw him he said, "Where did you come from? I have not seen you before. How did you get on?"

Then Jack did not know what to say, and forgot that he should not tell what was not true, so he said, "My father and mother are passengers on this ship and I have been in the cabin all the time since we left the dock, and so you did not see me."

Then the ring pricked him and he jumped up and found he had been dreaming. It was his mother who had pinched him.

Jack said he would try to be a good boy, after that dream.

RUTH CHAPMAN,
Bearsville, N. Y.
Age 11.

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CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Mary Smith, 516 Chestnut St., Cloquet Minn.

Billy Dolan, Lloyd, Mont., age 8.

Doris Bland, Detroit, Mich., age 10.

Alice Ledgerwood, 2808 Hemphill St., Fort Worth, Tex., age 10.

Jeanette Crow, 401 S. Second St., Elkhart, Ind., age 11.

Helen Morris, 1000 Wilkes-Barre St., Easton, Pa.

Norma Pengelly, 617 Raub St., Easton, Pa.

Frances E. Nusbaum, 205 W. Market St., Warsaw, Ind.

Beatrice Abrams, 376 S. Marlborough, Detroit, Mich., age 11.

Billie Kathryn Osborne, Marianna, Ark., age 11.

Veeder, Elizabeth W., 221 Wright Ave., Schenectady, N. Y.

Barbara Battin, Nutley, N. J., age 7.

Patricia Battin, Nutley, N. J., age 9.

Elizabeth Dunbar, 224 Maclay St., Harrisburg, Pa., age 11½.

Jane Bedson, 1730 Ryons, Lincoln, Neb.

Lucy Landon, Olney Springs, Colo., age 10½.

Charlotte Landon, Olney Springs, Colo., age 10½.

Frances Sanders, 1002 Oak St., Little Rock, Ark., age 9.

Frank Sanders, 1002 Oak St., Little Rock, Ark., age 10.

Betty Stewart, 542 S. Huron St., Cheboygan, Mich.

DEAR MISS WALDO:

Santa Claus has brought me CHILD LIFE for the last two years and I hope that I can take it always.

I am sending a little poem which I wrote one day when it was snowing.

I am in the third grade.

I wish CHILD LIFE came every week instead of every month.

With love,
GRACE M. KIDNEY

SNOWFLAKES

Airy little snowflakes,
Why do you always fly?
First you're up and then you're down,
Sometimes low and sometimes high,

Sometimes on the window,
Sometimes on the grass,
Sometimes in the treetops
Where the snowbirds pass.

GRACE M. KIDNEY
Age 7.
Ossining, N. Y.

THE ELF NAMED GREENLEAF

Once long ago in the time of fairies, there lived a little elf named Greenleaf. The reason he was called Greenleaf was because he wore a green suit and cap. He lived in a forest dark and dreary.

One day Greenleaf had an adventure. As he was walking down the forest path he met an old woman. She was bent and weary. She did not wear clothes like other people. She was a witch, but Greenleaf did not know it. It was too bad that Greenleaf did not know it because she turned him into a stone.

After a while a little fairy came along. She had a new wand and wanted to try it on the first stone she came across. This little fairy was a good fairy. After a while she came across a black stone. It was Greenleaf!

The fairy waved the wand. Instantly there was Greenleaf! But the fairy did not see him, for Greenleaf ran away.

MARY BARBARA OWEN,
Age 8.
Des Moines, Ia.



MAYBELL ROACH AND HER FRIEND

DEAR MISS WALDO:

I can hardly wait for the next CHILD LIFE issue to come, because I want to see how Augusta Seaman's story will turn out. I would like to become a member of the Joy Givers Club, so please send me a membership card. I'm sending you a picture of my friend and me.

Your true friend,
MAYBELL ROACH,
San Francisco, Calif.
Age 10.

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Boys and Girls
See Valentine Contest
on page 66

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536 South Clark Street - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CHILD LIFE Dog Stories

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I HAVE a little doggie,
Bubbles is his name.
I wanted him so badly
And finally he came.

His hair is brown and curly
His eyes are cocoa too.
He is so nice and friendly
I'm sure he'd play with you.

HELEN R. ENSOR
Age 10 years

BARKY

I HAVE a little doggie,
Barky is his name.
He's very, very playful,
But he ought to be more tame.

MARJORIE FRENCH
Age 9 years.

*"Our Doggie had a little bone
And it was made of rubber
Everytime he lost that thing
You should have heard him blubber."*



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